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THE GREEK ADVENTURER:

—OR,—

THE SOLDIER AND THE SPY.

A Tale of the Siege of Sebastopol.

BY LIEUTENANT MURRAY.

[CONTINUED.]

CHAPTER XV.

THE ALARM.

The Zouave left D'Arcey and entered the redoubt. There he called two companions out from the place.

"I have another plan to-night," said he.

"Another? ha, ha!" said one.

"What is it?" said another.

"Do you see how still the town is?"

"Yes. Provokingly still!"

"Not a gun has been fired for hours."

"No."

"It is not fit that these old rascals should be so quiet, while we are watching."

"No, you are right."

"And therefore, we can rouse them up."

"How?"

"By getting up a grand alarm."

"Good; but how?"

"I will explain."

"Do so, and be quick."

"Now attend to what I say, and we will do this as nicely as the other. You are ready to do anything that I propose?"

"Yes."

"Then listen. I want each one of you to take six guns, load them, and strap them to your back, and take a large supply of cartridges."

"And you?"

"I will do the same."

"Six guns?"

"Six guns each—that will be eighteen in all. But you must take a large number of rounds of powder."

"Yes, and then—?"

"We will go down to yonder rocky spot where the Russian pig stood, and fire one set of guns there. We will then distribute ourselves quickly around from place to place, and fire off the guns incessantly."

"Capital. It could not be better."

"We will put the town into an awful excitement."

"They will think that an assault is being made."

"Ha, ha! and we three will become three hundred thousand in their eyes!"

"Well, boys, you understand all now, do you?"

"Yes."

"Then get your guns ready as soon as you can, and when you are prepared, then come to me. We will go out together."

The other two went off to prepare.

Their preparations did not occupy much time. As soon as possible they returned, and then crouching low they made for the walls. The moon was now behind a thick black cloud, so that the dimness and the gloom of indistinct shadows favored the project of the Zouaves. They went therefore with incredible audacity, very close to the walls, under the very eyes of the gunners, but still they were unseen. Placing themselves at different distances, each one unstrapped his guns, and fired all off in quick succession.

The loud reports thus suddenly breaking the silence, and the reverberations of the abrupt sounds, roused the garrison. In an instant the whole scene was changed. A hundred guns poured forth their volleys from the walls, and cannons flashed amid the gloom. No enemy was seen by the Russians, but with their usual carefulness, they showered a deadly storm of fire in the direction of the camp.

The Zouaves did not wait in one place. Hastening onward, they repeated in other places along the walls, the experiment which had been so successful here. The sudden volley, wherever it was heard, produced the same effect, and soon the adventurous party had the satisfaction of seeing the whole city of Sebastopol rising to repel the attack.

Volleys of cannon came thundering from the walls, and the roar of the artillery was mingled with the flash and rattle of the musketry. From the earthwork and from the walls, from tower and redoubt, from fortifications of every kind on this side, the stream of fire came flashing forth, hurling a storm of bombs and bullets and balls toward the lines of the besiegers. Soon all who slept were awakened. The alarm was reversed. The French and English supposed that the Russians were making another sortie. Instantly the alarm spread over the whole camp, and every soldier rushed forth to do his duty.

Then the French lines began to send back an answering storm of fire. But they could not pour forth volleys with the lavish expenditure of ammunition which distinguished the Russian artillery. And thus, the cannon of the garrison in Sebastopol flamed and flashed amid the shades of night, lighting up the scene with terrific effulgence, and throwing over all the country a fitful and appalling glare! Thus the cannon roared and thundered, breaking the silence of night, and waking echoes far and wide. For awhile, the terrific reports of the artillery from either side drowned all other sounds in the clamor of their deafening roar.

But at length the fury of the cannonading relaxed, and a comparative silence ensued. It was a breathing space, in which the allied soldiers who had all turned out by this time, waited for the expected attack. They did not wait long. For the Russians who seemed to have been thoroughly surprised on the instant, had now overcome their alarm, and sought to create the same feeling in the minds of their enemies, by repaying the false attack with a real one. Soon, therefore, amid the peal of artillery, and the whizzing of a thousand rockets, and the rattle of ten thousand guns, a large body of men sallied forth, and advanced with rapid pace directly toward the Zouave redoubt. The air was rent with the thunder of the terrible cannonading, and the light of the flaming walls illumined the scene. The loopholes, and portholes vomited fire and death. Countless shells were hurled through the sky; chain shot, grape shot, and canister, spread death and terror all around! Supported by all this, the Russian division marched swiftly on, and threatened the redoubt. There stood the small band of Zouaves—steadfast and undismayed. Silently they loaded their cannons to the muzzle, and silently they stood, restraining their fire, until the enemy should cross bayonets over the walls of the redoubt.

"Advance! Charge!" cried the leader of the sallying party

The Zouave sentinel who guarded D'Arcey's hut sprang forward, and leaped in among his comrades. D'Arcey was unguarded.

"Forward!" cried the Russian officer.

A thousand fierce Muscovites pressed forward against the walls of the redoubt. A thousand bayonets were plunged forward, a thousand voices shouted out the battle cry of Russia.

But at once, from the heroic souls within, from cannon, and from rifle, from large arms and small, flashed forth one deadly, one withering volley. It was poured right into the head of the Russian ranks. The enemy reeled beneath the awful fire. They fell back, retreated, and fled in dismay, from the murderous volley

"Cowards!" cried the leader. "Back! Up to the charge!"

In a long line, his men rushed forward again. They pressed against the redoubt. Another withering volley came from the Zouaves. But the Russians, inspired by the voice and spirit of their valiant leader, heeded it not. They lunged their bayonets, and fought hand to hand, with bayonets, cubbed musket and rifle, over the parapet. Russian soldiers leaped madly and recklessly forward, but only to die, against the sharp bayonets of the immovable Zouaves.

"On! charge! scale the parapet!" cried the Russian officer.

A hundred men leaped over the trench and sprang up the wall of the redoubt. The Zouaves grappled with them. A hundred more sprang up beside the first. Then the combat raged with unutterable fury. The garrison within, rushing upon the foe, hurled them over the parapet as they touched its summit, or with volleys of well directed shot, killed them as they came on. The fight raged—hand to hand, and knife to knife, fought the two bands. The voice of the Russian captain was heard everywhere, as he encouraged his men. They came on overwhelmingly, upon the Zouaves These gallant men fought on with more than their wonted bravery. Wherever one Zouave fell, there three Russians would be silenced in death! They were stung to madness by the sight of foemen so near to capturing them, and roused themselves to greater action.

Suddenly a fierce charge was made upon the side of the redoubt where D'Arcey's prison lay. The defenders rushed to repel it. Down went the Russians before the withering fire, and the irresistible bayonet of the Zouaves; they staggered again—again they turned—again they retreated. A cheer, a deafening cheer, arose from the gallant Zouaves.

"Back to the charge! Upon them!" screamed the Russian captain, in tones of madness.

The men would not return.

The captain rode into the midst of them. They were faintly rallying and answering the shot of the Zouaves. A crowd of them were struggling.

"To your ranks!" cried the captain, riding furiously toward this struggling throng. But the sight which he beheld made him pause involuntarily. He saw a tall man with noble form and handsome countenance, surrounded by a half-dozen Russians. With his back to the side of a hut, he stood and defended himself unshrinkingly. The soldiers pressed him hard. He grappled with them.

The Russian captain sprang forward. He hurled the foremost soldier to the ground.

"Scoundrels!" he cried. "Go, attack the redoubt, and meet a more equal match. Cowards! Know you no better than to attack one man?"

The soldiers lowered their arms.

The stranger was surrounded. He saw his situation, and coming a step forward to the Russian captain, he presented him his sword, with a graceful bow.

"Sir," said he, in French, "the fortune of war has made me your prisoner. I am proud to deliver up my sword to so brave a soldier."

"And I regret that fortune which has deprived you of a sword, which you can use so well," replied the Russian, in the same language.

A sudden report of a huge cannon followed by a trumpet blast was heard

"It is the signal of recall. Retreat, men!"

The soldiers took their prisoner, and retreated hastily toward the town. The Zouaves now determined to repay the compliment which the Russians had given them. Sallying forth in one body they charged furiously, straight upon the retreating foe. The Russians stood and met the shock. The collision and the crash were terrible! For a time the foremost lines plunged their weapons into one another with frightful effect. But neither line wavered. Then the Zouaves desisted. The Russians continued to retreat. The Zouaves charged again. The Russians met them, fell back, and charged upon the Zouaves. Thus it was, until the Russians arrived under the walls of the town, when the adventurous Zouaves wisely concluded to return.

The Russians re-entered the city, and their prisoner was conveyed under the captain's supervision to his own quarters, there to remain until morning. After the retreat of the rallying party, the cannonade ceased on both sides, and in an hour the silence of night again ruled around.

"Monsieur," said the Russian, as he led his prisoner into a comfortable room in the barracks, "Monsieur, permit me to inquire the name of my visitor?"

"My name?" said the prisoner. "Captain D'Arcey."

"D'Arcey? Lionel D'Arcey?" cried the Russian. "Great Heaven, what a fortune!"

"Why?" cried D'Arcey. "Who are you, monsieur?"

"Alexis Arbanon. Captain of the czar."

"Arbanon—ah—you know me. Tell me, do you know her—Irene?" said Lionel, impulsively.

"Know her? Yes, Captain D'Arcey. She is my cousin—I might say, my sister, for we are the same. I have heard from her lips all about you—all about her flight—"

"Her flight? You have seen her recently, then?"

"O, yes. Ten days or a fortnight since—I saw her at Odessa."

"Strange I have not heard from her."

"O, no. It is war time. But she was well, and had escaped in safety. Had she known that I would meet with you, I should have had other things to give you than mere tidings. But come, my friend—for thus I hope you will permit me to call you—it is time to retire. To-morrow we will talk over these things."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE PRISONER.

D'Arcey waked the next morning, amid the roar of cannon, and the noise of the contending armies. He was in a comfortable room, the window of which overlooked the sea. From it he could also get a sight of the French works, and of their more advanced parallels. Sharp skirmishing was going on between the walls and the foremost French position. D'Arcey remembered that he was a prisoner, and thought that he at least was in Sebastopol. Not, however, as he hoped to enter it, not with the exultant feelings of a conqueror, but with the depressed spirit and humble name of a prisoner of war. Yet he looked in vain for those accompaniments of a prison with which he expected to be surrounded. He looked in vain for the air of confinement common to a prisoner's chamber. The room was comfortable, and if the door had not been barred, he would never have supposed himself in custody. Evidently this was some private room. He remembered his gallant host, the Russian captain, and felt with an emotion of gratitude, that it was to him that he must owe the present comfort of his situation. Thinking of the wonderful assertion of the young Russian, of his relationship to Irene, of her bearing the same name, and of his affirming that he had seen her but lately, made Lionel wish most earnestly to see him.

A step was heard in the passage without. The door was unlocked, and Alexis entered.

"Good morning, Captain D'Arcey," said he, speaking in French, which both could use with fluency and accuracy. "I hope you have slept well?"

"I have. Thanks to your kindness, which has thus cared for me. It makes me forget that I am a prisoner."

"I would have done my duty to you before, and come to see you, but our regiment made a sortie upon the French lines, and were busily engaged for an hour or so."

"I heard the noise of the combat."

"I suppose so. That noise is common now. It troubles none here, for soldiers only dwell within these walls. The inhabitants you know, are away."

"You have the whole city to yourselves?"

"Yes. I have good news for you by the way. I have obtained leave from Menschikoff, who is a kind of patron to me, to keep you here in my chamber while you are in Sebastopol. It is much better than the prison where your countrymen are confined. You will fare better here, and be free from all notice."

Lionel expressed the deepest gratitude.

"Irene did not think when she spoke to me of you," continued Alexis, "that I would meet you thus. Will you permit me to ask you if you serve among the Zouaves?"

"No," replied Lionel, "I do not belong to that division. If you have time to listen, I will tell you my story."

"I have time. If you have anything to tell me, I shall be most happy to hear it."

"I have the strangest story that you have heard for a long time."

"Tell it then, by all means."

Lionel then recounted from first to last all the history of his ill fortune, telling of his letter, of his seizure, of the loss of his ring, of the Russian manuscript found in his tent, and of the court martial, where Galeron testified against him.

Alexis listened with the deepest attention.

"You have some bitter enemy. Do you suspect no one? Strange fate; unfortunate Lionel!"

"I suspect none."

"He who pursues you thus, must know you intimately, and have intimate connection with you."

"True, for this only would account for the loss of my letter and ring, and the use of my signet to criminate me."

"Have you no one whom you believe your friend, who has constant access to your tent?"

"For three or four weeks none of my friends have been near me. Sickness and wounds on my part or on theirs have prevented them."

"And has no one been in your tent?" cried Alexis, with deep emotion.

"None but my valet, Philippo."

"Philippo?" cried Alexis; "and do you not know now who is your enemy?"

"Philippo? You surely do not believe that he would injure me?"

"He. He is well known to me. He is the only man that could do so. Captain D'Arcey, I take the deepest interest in your misfortunes. I know much of your circumstances beside this. I have seen Irene tremble as she spoke of your danger from the machinations of your uncle."

"Good God!" cried Lionel, as though a sudden light flashed in upon his soul.

"Your uncle, who for the sake of seizing upon your family inheritance, is attempting to poison your father, and with outstretched arms seeks to extend his grasp even to you in the Crimea!"

Lionel was silent.

"Pardon me for speaking thus of your family. It is necessary for me to do so. Irene has told me all, for I am like her brother, since we were brought up together. You yourself know all this."

"Yes, I had a letter from my servant."

"Had you none from Irene? She wrote you at the same time."

"I never received any."

"This is another part of the same plot. Does Philippo go for your letters?"

"Yes," replied Lionel, thoughtfully; "and it was on the morning of the day that I received my uncle's letter, that he went to the post-office, and returned without any."

"Say rather," cried Alexis, eagerly, "that he had received that letter which came to you from Irene, and warned you not only against your uncle, but especially against this very Philippo, in whom you trust so implicitly."

"Can it be?" cried Lionel.

"It is so. They overheard the plot—which your uncle and his son were conversing about—the plot which they had made for the destruction of you and your father."

Lionel drew a long breath, and ground his teeth, but said nothing.

"Philippo is their paid agent!"

"Good Heavens! I have trusted in him implicitly. He has always seemed the most devoted of servants. His grief in the court-room was heart-rending to behold."

"It was the feigned grief of the man who had stolen your ring, put false seals to forged papers, buried them in your tent; who stole your letters and made himself acquainted with their contents; whose outcries when you were arrested and insinuations, only plunged you more deeply into the snare; whose feigned grief at the time of your trial only involved you more inextricably in the folds of falsely imputed guilt! Yes, all this was done by Philippo!"

Alexis spoke these burning words with furious energy, for indignation had sent his heart's blood boiling through every vein, and had excited him to a state of angry enthusiasm for Lionel.

Lionel's blood seemed turned to fire. His heart beat slowly but heavily, sending the irresistible torrents of blood in great throbs through every vein. He sprang from his seat, and paced the narrow confines of his room with baffled rage, and the angry aspect of a caged tiger.

"But listen still—I have yet more to say—still more to tell of the villany of this Greek, whom I blush to say belongs to my own once exalted but now fallen race. You spoke of Galeron. As you are a prisoner here, I will tell you, though I know it to be a great crime, I will tell you, however."

Alexis whispered in Lionel's ear.

Lionel sprang back as though an adder had stung him—"A spy!" he murmured, hoarsely.

"Hush!" cried Alexis, "and when you remember that Philippo is his friend, what think you of Philippo?"

"All things—anything."

"That glorious prince of valets, Philippo, was in Sebastopol, three days since!"

"He! Here! In Sebastopol."

"He is the same character as Galeron."

"He, Philippo. The loathsome wretch!"

"I saw him, and knew him. I recognized him as your servant, and understood his character from all that Irene had told me. He was put in my custody. I suppose he suspected that I would not be averse to shooting him down. He was right. If he had not made a sudden escape, this would have ended forever his traitor life."

"He came back in time to give his damning testimony against me. But, Galeron—he too! Good Heavens, what have you told me?"

"The truth. I must tell it to you, since he has assisted Philippo to put you to death. But he is not to be compared to your valet. For Philippo has gained your confidence, and while villanously seeking your life, he has made you believe him to be the best, the most faithful, the most devoted of adherents."

"O, villany and baseness! And now," cried Lionel, bitterly—"now—here am I a prisoner—condemned and suspected by my countrymen, who will consider my present misfortune of captivity as an additional proof of my guilt. Was ever mortal so unfortunate?" He wrung his hands, and sighed bitterly.

"Bear up, my friend! Support yourself like a soldier," said Alexis.

"I thank you, Captain Arbanon. Pardon my weak emotion. I will be calm! But if I could see my father, and save him, I would care nothing for captivity."

"Alas, my friend," said Alexis, "there is the greatest sorrow. For yourself you may not care, you have your own sources of support and consolation; but the sufferings of a friend, or of an aged parent—and such sufferings as these—are things which it is hard to endure. You have my sympathy—would that you could have my aid!"

"Thanks to you, thanks beyond all that I can utter, generous friend!" cried Lionel, grasping

the hand of Alexis. "You make me your grateful friend forever. To you I can only say, as the highest praise which I can offer you, that you are worthy to be the cousin of Irene."

At the sudden sound of a trumpet, and roll of drums from Menschikoff's palace, Alexis started, and hastily left the room. Lionel remained in his seat without moving, and thought bitterly over his prospects. The future appeared dark and rayless before him. Here he was, in the prime of life, a prisoner of war. Should he escape, or be exchanged, how could he ever visit his native land? A horrible charge hung over him, a disgrace was attached to his name; and the charge was so artfully contrived, and the disgrace so deep and indelible, that it seemed impossible to elude either. Gloom settled down upon his soul. He did not dare to think of his father, for it was a subject that stirred up the innermost depths of his soul. For many hours, during the absence of his friend, Lionel sat motionless upon his chair, gazing vacantly upon the floor, and absorbed in the deepest thought. A thousand plans for the future were called up, thought over, and dismissed as impracticable. The hours rolled on; the prisoner still sat and thought over his mournful prospects, and meditated about his gloomy hopes. Sadness dwelt upon his soul.

At length the sound of approaching footsteps aroused Lionel from his revery. A hand unlocked the door, and the welcome voice of Alexis was heard greeting the prisoner again.

"Good news—good news! Do not be mournful any longer. Next to liberty what is it that the captive sighs for?"

Alexis's eye sparkled with pleasure, and a joyous expression shone upon his handsome face. Lionel looked up, full of vague hopes.

"Good news for you—at least," Alexis continued—"you and several other prisoners will be sent to Odessa. You leave this night. I am commander of the convoy. We of course have other business than the convoy of prisoners. Menschikoff granted me my request that you should be permitted to come."

"Odessa!" cried Lionel, as a thrill of joy passed through him, "Odessa!"

"Yes, my friend, Odessa, which should be a sweet name to you now, since your Irene is there!"

Lionel at once forgot all his melancholy. His gloomy prospects were forgotten; his miserable thoughts were sent into the limbo of forgotten things. He sprang toward Alexis, and grasped his hand.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the young Russian, "I knew a cure for melancholy. The name of Irene is a balm indeed; it brings peace with its soft sound."

"My friend, best and most generous of friends!" cried Lionel. "How can I thank you?"

That evening, Alexis Arbanon, at the head of a troop of cavalry, marched out from the walls of Sebastopol, on their way back to Odessa. Several English prisoners were led by the soldiers to that city. They were well treated, and yet watched so carefully that none were lost sight of, or neglected. Lionel was honored with a place at Alexis's side. Thus they rode on their way. The road was good, and constructed with skill and power. It wound through marshes, among rocks, and forests, and brakes. It went over hills, and through valleys, yet everywhere it was the same, strong, and capable of enduring the march of thousands of armies.

Before morning the troops reached Simpheropol. Here they remained a few hours and then departed. By the next morning, they had arrived at the Isthmus of Perekop. No soldiers, friendly or hostile, were here. Lionel wondered that the place should not have been seized by the allied forces, so as to shut up the entrance to the Crimea.

"It would not have availed," said Alexis, mysteriously.

Lionel did not know that he spoke of the road which crossed the "Putrid Sea!"

They travelled the long and tedious road, without accident or adventure, Lionel being cheered and enlivened during the journey by the hope of seeing Irene. At last the towers and spires of Odessa gladdened their eyes.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE GREEK MAIDEN.

Lionel was placed in a small chamber on the fourth story of a large edifice, reared upon the edge of a quay, and overlooking the water. Beneath, the waves rolled in upon the massive rocky pier, and dashed their foam against the solid granite stones. The window was grated, so as to prevent escape, even if the inmate should be rash enough to think of leaping from the place. D'Arcey thought the grating a useless precaution, as he looked far down into the water beneath. The quay jutted out slightly, where D'Arcey looked down, and stone steps were placed there, so as to afford a passage to the quay.

At the other end of the harbor were the ships safely moored in a sheltered place. Far out into the haven ran the imperial mole, a magnificent construction of massive stone, which seemed able to defy all the force of human or elemental rage. The edifice in which Lionel was confined, was in the least busy part of the city, and but few people paced the quays which were visible from the window. As the prisoner looked down and around upon the scene, a conviction of the utter hopelessness of his situation flashed upon him. For his first thought was upon escape, and this thought which so naturally arose in his mind, died away within him, as he contemplated all the circumstances of his situation.

But looking out toward the entrance of the harbor, D'Arcey's eye beheld a different scene. Here, three mighty steamships of the line were in close proximity to the entrance, and beyond them there were as many as fifteen smaller vessels. The tri-color of France and the red cross of England flaunted gallantly from their masts, and caused the heart of the captive to bound as he looked forth upon them. Escape—it seemed impossible, and yet—if he might but descend into the water he could almost swim toward them and find his liberty. Then the thought of Irene flashed across his mind. Why should he wish to escape? Was not she enough for his happiness? Escape—and he would find himself a doomed man among his countrymen. The dreadful charge which hung over him, would be fastened upon him, and again he would be seized for trial, and again the dreadful condemnation would be passed upon him. Why then, should he escape? Irene was here in Odessa, and therefore Odessa was the happiest place for him.

Agitated by a thousand conflicting emotions, the prisoner paced his narrow chamber. A light step, and a heavy one, approaching the door, caused him to start. The jingling of keys was heard—the door was thrown open, and Irene was in his arms!

"O, bliss beyond all that I have dared to hope for. Darling of my soul—my own Irene—do I indeed behold you once more?" Such were the broken words of Lionel as he pressed more closely and more closely still to his throbbing heart, the form of her whom he loved so fondly.

"Lionel!" murmured Irene, in a voice whose tender tones thrilled through the soul of her lover. "Lionel! you are with me now—O, might we never part!" The lovers sat down near the window, and in that sweet embrace, sweeter still for the sorrows which had before separated them, they forgot all the world, all their woes, all their griefs.

"I shall bless the misfortunes which sent me here, for I have found you, Irene!"

"I thought you were lost to me forever," sighed Irene, burying her face closer in his bosom, and nestling nearer to him.

D'Arcey saw that her face was paler than before, and noticed an anxious expression upon her brow, which was not usual there. Kissing it away, he asked her why it was there.

"Grieving for you, Lionel; for suffering, and disease, and death, oppressed the British soldiery, and you had secret foes to contend with also. I had not heard from you for so long a time, I scarcely dared to hope I should ever see you more!"

"And how have you contrived to come here now, and elude the jealous jailers!"

"Alexis contrived that."

"Noble Alexis. How much I owe to him! He is one of the bravest and most generous of men."

"He is, and when you know him better, you will admire him more."

They sat in silence, happy beyond all expression, in the arms of one another, and their fond hearts beat with unaccustomed emotion, as they at times strained one another more closely. Irene's raven hair curled in wavy luxuriance around her snowy brow, and the long dark lashes fringed her eyes, shading them, with all their expression of melting tenderness from the gaze of Lionel. Union after so long a separation was perfect bliss. At length they began to recount to one another their experience since their separation, and each one had much to tell. As Irene told of her discovery, and alarm, and flight, Lionel's heart beat with warmest sympathy; and as he told of his fighting, his wounds, his persecution, his trial, and imprisonment, and capture by the enemy, Irene's gentle heart suffered new pains at every story.

Hours wore on, as they sat thus talking with one another. At length the jailer knocked at the door, and Irene, with a promise to come again on the morrow, left Lionel alone once more, and this time doubly alone.

D'Arcey had not long been left alone before another visitor came to his room. Again the keys jingled harshly, again the doors were thrown open, and Alexis entered.

"I have come, my friend, to see you," said he, as he entered, "and perhaps to bid you adieu."

"Adieu? Why?"

"I find that I am ordered immediately back to Sebastopol with an ammunition train."

"How unfortunate!" said Lionel.

"Unfortunate in one sense, but it must be done. I cannot tell you how sorry I am to leave you."

Lionel grasped his hand.

"Believe me," said he, "your sorrow cannot exceed mine. You have been a generous friend to me, and I can never forget it."

"I am glad, my friend. I feel toward you like a brother, and the sympathy which I feel for your sufferings only makes me feel the more friendship for you. Would that I could stay here until you were in a better situation. Would that I could see you exchanged for another prisoner, so that I might think when I left you, that you were soon to tread your native shores. But such things cannot be; we must submit. But you, my friend, you must bear up, and struggle manfully against your misfortunes. You have one source of happiness, and that is a great one, for Irene's voice can surely soothe your gloomiest hours!"

"Yes, I have Irene—thanks to you."

"Do not thank me. I have done no more than you or any other gallant gentleman would have done."

"When do you start for Sebastopol?"

"I go early to-morrow morning, at daybreak."

"You will have a tedious journey now, for the stormy weather is coming on."

"Russians do not care for cold weather, and Russian soldiers can endure any tempestuous journeys," replied Alexis.

"May you arrive safely, my dear friend, I earnestly pray!"

"If I arrive there," said Alexis; "there is one duty which I will perform. It is the duty which friendship throws upon me."

"What is that?"

"To revenge you upon those demon like wretches who have so basely wronged you!"

"Average me? Blessings on your head. To you then, Alexis, I commit the revenging of my wrongs. If on the field of battle, or in the city of Sebastopol, you see those infamous wretches, do not let them escape unpunished. I, if I live, will go to take vengeance on the chief mover of all these actions."

"Trust me. I will treat those who wounded your honor, as those who wound mine own. They shall suffer a heavy punishment for the wrongs which they have inflicted upon you. And more—their infamous characters, of themselves, doom them to become the lawful victims for the destroying wrath of all high-minded men!"

"How sad it is to part, Alexis. We may never meet one another again. Our friendship, however, which was fast forming on the field of battle, may yet ripen in peaceful halls."

"I hope so, but I hardly believe it. For me there is yet glory to be won, and I know that a warrior's death awaits me. I go to it gladly. You will never see my face on earth again. I have the soldier's presentiment of death."

"I hope it is falsely founded."

"Perhaps so. But now I must leave you. In a few days the rigor of your confinement will be relaxed, and if you give your parole, you will be left in a state of comparative freedom. Perhaps in a few months you may be exchanged; it is a tedious time to wait. You may not have a chance of getting to your home for years, however. You may also be sent into the interior. I tell you this, so that you may know the worst. Bear up bravely, my friend, do not despond. A soldier's life is sometimes hard, but the fortunes of war should be met with equanimity. Farewell."

Alexis and Lionel grasped one another's hands and then separated, while something in the soul of Lionel told him that the separation was forever.

The morrow came with clouds and darkness. It was a miserable and a melancholy day, when the mist and haze of the atmosphere threw gloom upon everything. The streets were not filled with the busy throng who generally assembled there, but were sombre and quiet. No boats were out in the harbor. It was not a time for pleasure parties, and there was little commerce now within the waters of Odessa's harbor, so that where neither of these motives to sailing were present, no one sailed. Lionel watched the outside scene gloomily, and drummed his fingers against the ringing iron bars, until he was tired, and then for want of employment, drummed again, to relieve the monotony of his confinement. The ships at the outside of the harbor could just be seen amid the fog, and these Lionel gazed at until his eyes ached, with intensely watching them. How his heart beat, as he heard light steps without, and saw the door open to let Irene enter his chamber.

After the usual warm greetings, Irene seated herself gravely by Lionel's side, and bending towards him, said lowly:

"You must fly!"

"Fly?" cried he—

"Hush! speak lowly. Yes, you must fly, and this very night you must do it."

"Go on, and tell me. I am ready."

"See you this window? It is high. If you had a rope, would you dare to descend?"

"Certainly," said Lionel.

"Then here is one;" and Irene, taking off a cloak which had enwrapped her form in this bleak day, cautiously unwound a long stout rope, which was sufficient to reach to the quay beneath. She rolled it up and put it in a piece of stove-pipe which projected from the wall. "Leave it there now," she said. "I noticed it yesterday, and many other things."

"But the grating?" said Lionel.

"See!" said Irene, drawing a thin watch-spring saw from under her sleeve.

"Blessed girl!" cried Lionel, in a rapture; and taking the saw he put it up his own sleeve.

"You see now how you can escape—do you not?" asked Irene.

"All the means are here. But below—shall I swim?"

"Swim? No. You will see a boat land with a boatman, who will fasten it at the steps, and leave it. You will know how to act."

"But you, Irene. Do you suppose that I will leave you?"

"For the present, you must."

"No, no, never!" cried Lionel, passionately.

"Foolish Lionel! Listen. My mother has converted all her property into money, and will leave for Poland in a week. I accompany her. From Poland, we go to Prussia. And from Prussia—"

"O, Irene! And you will hasten?"

"Will we not—my mother has the energy of youth again. Lionel, we will meet at Beacon Hall."

"Glorious Irene! Noblest of girls! and you will see me save my father, or take terrible vengeance upon his murderer. Did Alexis know this?"

"He—no—I would not tell him. His high and honorable nature would not have suffered him to connive at a thing like this, since he is in the service of the czar, but if he hears it, he will rejoice. When you escape, you must take measures to prevent them from knowing where you have gone. Make them think some outrageous thing—"

"Suicide—drowned from despair, for instance!"

"O, yes—most excellent," cried Irene.

"I will leave some paper to give that impression."

"And I will come here to-morrow, to cry and become frantic over your loss."

Irene remained a few hours longer, and departed by the middle of the afternoon.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE ESCAPE.

It was dusk when Lionel began his labor. The darkness came on at an earlier hour than usual, owing to the clouds and mist which overhung and covered all things without. The ships of the allies had hung out lights, as if to show themselves by night and day, or challenge the blockaded town to drive them off. These lights gleamed from afar—stars of hope to Lionel, whom they inspired and beckoned on. It was Christmas eve in Odessa, and in the other part of the town where the houses were most thickly gathered, and where most business was transacted, loud sounds were heard. The bells of the many churches rang out, and their noise was loud enough to drown the slight sound of the thin saw as it cut its way through the grating. The thin, sharp teeth of the file soon made its power felt by the soft iron grating, and before two hours one bar and a great part of a second had been severed. He listened and was convinced that all was still. D'Arcey worked on, patiently, and finished the second bar.

A noise from beneath attracted his attention. He looked quickly down, and in the deepening shades of night, he saw the dusky figure of a boat slowly moving over the water toward the steps at the foot of the house, immediately beneath his chamber. The boat was pulled by one man, who, without looking around him, directed his boat to the steps with nicest exactness, and stopped her without the slightest jarring. Then quietly putting down his oars, he stepped out, and fastening the boat to an iron ring, disappeared up the quay.

Lionel understood it all and worked yet harder. He sawed at the third iron bar, and soon this one yielded to his efforts. There was but one left, only one. The soul of the captive was raised up to the highest pitch of excitement, and the hope of liberty gradually became stronger. Another effort. He begins the fourth one. Toilsomely he saws the stubborn iron. It is half through, it is hanging by a strand, when suddenly the keys jingle at the door!

Lionel's heart sank within him. He slipped the spring saw up his sleeve, and did not move. The jailer, for it was he, entered with a light, and looked cautiously around. Lionel turned to see him. He looked indifferently at him, and began whistling a tune.

His heart beat faster as the jailer walked underneath the stove-pipe where the rope was concealed, but the man took no notice of his agitation. Glancing once more around the room, as though suspicious, he came to D'Arcey.

With an attempt at a conciliating smile, he made a humble bow, and raising one hand to his mouth in the attitude and with the gesture of one drinking, he held the other out to the prisoner. Lionel understood him at once. He took a piece of money from his pocket, and putting it in the jailer's hand, gesticulated as though drinking, and pointed to himself. The jailer was all gratitude and goodness.

"Grog! ha, ha—me grog! ha, Ingles Bono!" such was the intelligent speech made by the grateful jailer as he retired. D'Arcey listened to the heavy tramp of his retreating footsteps, and then prepared to continue his work.

"Quite a little episode!" he muttered, as he severed the small piece of iron which was left remaining. "Grog, ha, ha!"

Then going up to the stove-pipe, he took out the rope, which he unwound. It was made of silk and appeared exceedingly strong. Lionel viewed it attentively for some time. He untwisted the slight fold and spread the rope out to its full extent. It would reach double the distance from the window to the quay.

There yet remained one thing to attend to. Lionel waited for a time considering. At last, taking his knife, he scratched upon the table, in deep letters: "Death before captivity. My life is my own. I willingly give it up. Suicide is better than suffering!"

"There," he cried, "now if they don't think that I jumped out of this window and drowned myself, then it is not my fault, especially if I take the rope off with me."

Then he passed the long rope around the smooth iron bar which was left, and taking out the grating which he had severed, he arranged the rope so that its ends should be even, and pushed it out. Then he prepared for his descent.

It was a deed of terror. The dark water was far below, and as a thin cord was to be his passage-way. Yet he trembled not. It was liberty that beckoned him on, and the excitement of the wild act was of itself sufficient to banish fear. Why then, should he hesitate?

He crawled out, and holding on to the grating for awhile he adjusted the rope. It was fearfully thin, but Lionel knew that it was strong. Seizing it with a firm grasp, and catching it between his crossed legs, he began to lower himself down. The rope in its gusts upon him and made him revolve, and swing like a pendulum, yet still he descended gradually. The thin rope ends would at times elude the grasp of his feet, leaving him extended by the hands, yet he continued descending. At last stretching his feet out, he steadied himself against the occasional projections on the side of the house. Several windows were in his way, and here he could rest his feet for a moment before going down further. The gusts of wind came blowing violently at times, and it was difficult for him, while clinging for life to the rope, to prevent himself from being thrown fiercely against the wall. Sometimes he was dashed against it and bruised, but he managed to elude in a great measure this danger. The further from the window he descended the longer was the rope, and the swings which the wind would compel him to make were longer. His arms and wrists ached with the mighty tension of their muscles. The cold air of the damp sea breeze chilled him. "Down, down—a little further—courage!" he whispered to himself, and sliding down, his feet touched the quay.

There was no time for resting—no time for thanking Heaven on his knees, though his heart sent up a grateful prayer of thanks, as he felt his feet resting on solid earth, and turned to look for the boat. There it was. He drew the cord down carefully, so as to leave no trace of the manner of his descent, and leaped into the boat. The cord he rolled up hastily and flung under the seat. Then untying the rope which fastened the boat, he seized the oars and pulled out toward the sea.

A thousand silent feelings of exultation crowded to his lips. He felt intoxicated with success. Freedom! O, Heaven! And the thought that in a few months Irene would meet him on the soil of England—gloomy thoughts could find no place among hopes like these.

There were no boats in the harbor. It was silent and deserted. Yet once Lionel saw a large boat filled with men, crossing his wake behind him. He pulled the harder at his own oars, and soon was far away from sight or sound.

An hour's hard pulling, and the ships of the allies were close to him. He rowed for awhile longer, and then directed his course to the nearest ship. A gun was fired, as the watchful sentinel saw the strange boat coming. D'Arcey halloed to them that he was an escaped prisoner. Instantly the ship was all alive. The decks were thronged with men. Lights gleamed all around, and ropes were flung down to him, so that he might fasten his boat. Lionel sprang forward, seized a rope, fastened his boat, and in a moment more stood upon the deck of the ship.

The captain came forward to greet him.

"An escaped prisoner!" he cried. "Welcome on board of an English ship. But who may you be, sir—and how in the wide world did you escape from a Russian prison?"

"Sawed the bars, and lowered myself down by a rope! My name is Lionel D'Arcey, captain in her majesty's 35th regiment, and I was taken prisoner at Sebastopol, and sent to Odessa. I came there three days ago, and now I am here, free from bondage!"

Thus Lionel spoke, and as he stood there, the centre of a thousand eyes, with torches and lamps flashing upon him, his noble countenance, piercing eyes, stately form, and frank, manly bearing, gave him an instant popularity, which the prestige thrown around him by his daring escape, heightened to enthusiasm.

For a moment a pause followed his speech, but suddenly the boatswain stepped forward.

"Hurrah!" he yelled. "Hurrah, for the gallant gentleman! Three times three, boys! Hip, hip! Hurrah!"

Then came forth from that excited ship's company, such a resounding cheer as only British sailors can give. The captain and officers caught the infection, and joined in the cheering. "Hip, hip—hurrah!" The loud thunder of their cheering echoed far away over the sea!

The captain conducted Lionel to the cabin, and asked him more particularly about his adventures. He at once became the hero of the cabin as well as of the forecastle.

"Captain D'Arcey, you are the first man during this war, that has escaped from a regular Russian prison. So the jailer wanted grog, did he? ha, ha—and you left them the impression that you had committed suicide? which they will be most ready to believe of an Englishman!"

"It is better rather to be here where I am, than swinging by that rope," said D'Arcey, as the thin silken rope was brought from the boat into the cabin.

"Good Heaven!" cried the captain, in amazement. "You did not come down by that rope, did you?"

"I believe I did. My hands bear marks of it," replied Lionel, laughing, and showing his hands, all cut and marked by the hard, thin rope.

Many hours were taken up in conversation, and D'Arcey became a great favorite. The captain told him that a ship would be leaving for Constantinople on the following day, and that he could be put on board, if he wished to go. D'Arcey then retired, and slept the sweet sleep of liberty. On the next day he bid adieu to the captain, and as he descended from the deck to be carried to the steamer, "Plumper," for Constantinople, the jolly tars gave him another "three times three" of cheers.

The Plumper was but a short time in getting to Constantinople. Lionel arrived there and found a friend who supplied him with money, which was absolutely necessary, as he was in a state of destitution. The news from Sebastopol was most gloomy and appalling. The heart of the young soldier died within him, as he read the long account of the horrible sufferings still endured by his fellow-soldiers. Yet it was what he expected. The foolish hopes that Sebastopol would speedily be taken, found no resting-place within his bosom, for he knew the strength of the place, and the weakness of the allies. He found out that his own regiment had suffered most severely by cold and starvation, and that there was no longer any such thing as cavalry.

Lionel searched out the steamer for Malta, and at once embarked. As he sailed out of the waters of the "Golden Horn," he bitterly thought of the changes which had taken place since he with so many gallant companions had sailed toward those glittering towers, not many months before. What high hopes then filled every bosom! What enthusiastic expectation filled the breasts of those who now lay low on the Crimean plains, and caused to bound those hearts whom death had stopped forever.

He did not think of this long. The subject was gloomy and distressing. But O, it was hard for so glorious an army to meet so terrible a doom through such atrocious carelessness!

The waters of the Mediterranean foamed about the steamer as she bore Lionel onward toward Malta. She ploughed up the waters, yet never could her speed answer the impatient requirements of D'Arcey, to whom all delay was hateful. He paced the deck in agitation now, for he was troubled by the deepest anxiety about his father. Did he yet live, or had he died beneath the fiendish persecutions and poisoning of his brother? Was he yet conscious, or had his noble and lofty spirit sunk down beneath the bodily sufferings caused by poisonous food? Such were the questions which were hourly perplexing the mind of Lionel—the questions which he could not answer.

Sometimes in his reflections upon the state of his father, thus alone in his brother's hands, the hot blood would course like waves of fire through his veins, and grinding his teeth he would groan, in his fierce desires for vengeance.

At last the towers of Valetta greeted his eyes over the blue waves, and soon the steamer entered the harbor. Here Lionel found that no boat was going directly to England, but that one would leave the next day for Marseilles, where he could take the cars and go directly through France to London. Smothering his impatience, he prepared to wait till the next day, when he could continue on his way.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

[The back numbers of *The Flag of our Union*, containing the preceding chapters of this story, can be had of all the periodical dealers, and at our publishing office.]

[Written for The Flag of our U

WHAT, NOT BELIEV

BY A. BALDWIN.

What, not believe me?—In the spell then
The charm of being in thy heart enshri
Have faithless words from lips of mine be
To change the hopes that long have ru
What, not believe me? O, the bitter anguis
That must forever haunt my burdened
Beneath that doubt love's fervent passion
And blissful hopes and dreams of thine a

What, not believe me? O, why thus spho
However gently, with this slight disguis
In error's path e'en love hath not betrayed
Nor would the mists of passion dim mi
I feel I've sought thee with a vain endeav
A wish to prove thee—a "forever thing
But scattering falsehoods by the way shal
Be a device to consecrate thee mine.

I would be thine—though every phase of e
Should spread a hindrance in my path t
Through every form and name of earthly
My steadfast purpose still is thine to be
Thy trustful heart is all the star to guide
To lift my feelings to that home above,
And though the world may tauntingly de
My refuge shall be in thy cheering love

What, not believe me? Bare thy gentle
Hath to some mystic witchery lent this
Or some false echo hat been wandering to
To lead thy feelings and thy thoughts f
Here, in this temple, where a true devoti
For virtues such as ever round thee shi
No fitful passion—no mere wild emotion,
Could blend a doubt with worship such

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AUNT MARY'S ST

BY MARIE L'ESTRANGE

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Here Isabel's sobs fairly checked We all gathered around, anxious t cret of her present grief. Little J his lips to kiss off her tears, and M arms about her neck; but still th kept falling thicker and faster, and caused her breast to heave as if h struggling to get out of its prison.

"Do tell us, Isa, tell us all about little Mary. "Fanny Dean is a na girl to make you cry so. I'll never when she comes here, and I hope come again."

Isabel scarcely heeded her siste so completely was she absorbed i whelming sorrow. In the course however, her tears having somew she told us, between her sobs, that told her, that Maria Snow said Brooks said, that Fanny Dean said that Isabel Brown was the most di she ever became acquainted with; never, in all her life, so disappointe vidual; that Isabel was very pr ceited, and very selfish, always t disparagement of her friends wh them, and manifesting a deal of s them when in their presence; and the most artful, designing person e

"And now, aunty," said Isabel, finished the recital, and given ve burst of tears, "I don't see how I Fanny any more, or treat her with we have been so intimate for two and I have thought her so amiable such a good friend of mine!"

"Take this seat by me, Isabel," Mary, kindly, "and dry thy tears, thee a little story of my early life."

My aunt Mary was a member of Friends, one of the kindest, gent that ever lived, and, withal, so well windings of the human heart, so prehend difficulties, so ready to sy the troubles of us children, and so counsel, that she came to be consid of family oracle. We hardly kne loved her or our mother better. Sh own aunt, either, nor indeed any re we only called her aunt. She playmate and schoolmate of my nurtured in prosperity, but sudde parents and fortune. At my mo solicitation, she came to make it h us. Enough was left of her lar keep her from dependence, and s sisted upon paying her board, th care of us children, and her kin ness, she earned it a dozen times o

Isabel was only a baby when Au to live with us, and Aunt Mary h and instructed her, until an affect up between them very intimate an ant to behold. Now, Isabel leane upon Aunt Mary's shoulder, so s swollen eyes, and Aunt Mary l knitting-work, smoothed her cu folded her hands and began. The addressed to Isabel, seemed mean Aunt Mary's eyes were directed by member of the family group.

"I was only a little girl when Julia Evans, about as large as M Her parents were wealthy and h able, and quite intimate at our hou and I, being much together, eac each other a strong attachment. tastes and dispositions, much alli tally different in person—she bei some, tall and well formed, while and on account of ill health, quite age. Her eyes were large and d black; and her curls were like thin thicker, and perhaps a trifle darke ing more closely about her regal fo shoulder have seen her hand, so sl cate and white, never disfigured w her parents, like mine, belonged t did not believe in outward adorn

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What, not believe me?—Is the spell then broken?
The charm of being in thy heart enshrined?
Have faithless words from lips of mine been spoken,
To change the hope that long have round me twined?
What, not believe me? O, the bitter anguish,
That must forever haunt my burdened heart;
Beneath that doubt love's fervent passions languish,
And blissful hopes and dreams of thee depart.

What, not believe me? O, why thus upbraid me,
However gently, with this slight disguise?
In error's path e'en love hath not betrayed me,
Nor would the mists of passion dim mine eyes;
I feel I've sought thee with a vain endeavor,
A wish to prove thee—a "forever thine;"
But scattering falsehoods by the way shall never
Be a device to consecrate thee mine.

I would be thine—though every phase of error
Should spread a hindrance in my path to thee;
Through every form and name of earthly terror,
My steadfast purpose still is thine to be;
Thy trustful heart is all the star to guide me,
To lift my feelings to that home above;
And though the world may tauntingly deride me,
My refuge shall be in thy cheering love.

What, not believe me? Sure thy gentle spirit
Hath to some mystic witchery lent thine ear,
Or some false echo has been wandering near it,
To lead thy feelings and thy thoughts from here—
Here, in this temple, where a true devotion
For virtues such as ever round thee shine;
No fitful passion—no mere wild emotion,
Could blend a doubt with worship such as mine.

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AUNT MARY'S STORY.

BY MARIE L'ESTRANGE.

"Who would have thought it?" said our Isabel, flinging her sun-bonnet into a chair; "who would have thought that Fanny Dean was such a hypocrite? Only think, aunty, of all her professions of attachment to me, and how many, *many* times she has said that she loved me next best to her own sisters, and now, O dear, dear!"

Here Isabel's sobs fairly checked her utterance. We all gathered around, anxious to hear the secret of her present grief. Little Jamie put up his lips to kiss off her tears, and Mary threw her arms about her neck; but still the great drops kept falling thicker and faster, and the deep sobs caused her breast to heave as if her heart were struggling to get out of its prison.

"Do tell us, Isa, tell us all about it," pleaded little Mary. "Fanny Dean is a naughty, wicked girl to make you cry so. I'll never speak to her when she comes here, and I hope she'll never come again."

Isabel scarcely heeded her sister's sympathy, so completely was she absorbed in some overwhelming sorrow. In the course of an hour, however, her tears having somewhat subsided, she told us, between her sobs, that Jane Atwood told her, that Maria Snow said, that Sarah Brooks said, that Fanny Dean said to some one that Isabel Brown was the most disagreeable girl she ever became acquainted with; that she was never, in all her life, so disappointed in an individual; that Isabel was very proud and conceited, and very selfish, always talking to the disparagement of her friends when away from them, and manifesting a deal of attachment for them when in their presence; and was, in short, the most artful, designing person she ever knew.

"And now, aunty," said Isabel, after she had finished the recital, and given vent to a fresh burst of tears, "I don't see how I can ever love Fanny any more, or treat her with civility even; we have been so intimate for two or three years, and I have thought her so amiable and true, and such a good friend of mine!"

"Take this seat by me, Isabel," said my aunt Mary, kindly, "and dry thy tears, and I will tell thee a little story of my early life."

My aunt Mary was a member of the society of Friends, one of the kindest, gentlest creatures that ever lived, and, withal, so well versed in the windings of the human heart, so quick to comprehend difficulties, so ready to sympathize with the troubles of us children, and so judicious in counsel, that she came to be considered as a sort of family oracle. We hardly knew whether we loved her or our mother better. She was not our own aunt, either, nor indeed any relation to us; we only called her aunt. She was an early playmate and schoolmate of my mother—was nurtured in prosperity, but suddenly bereft of parents and fortune. At my mother's earnest solicitation, she came to make it her home with us. Enough was left of her large fortune to keep her from dependence, and she always insisted upon paying her board, though by her care of us children, and her kindness in sickness, she earned it a dozen times over.

Isabel was only a baby when Aunt Mary came to live with us, and Aunt Mary had tended her and instructed her, until an affection had grown up between them very intimate and very pleasant to behold. Now, Isabel leaned her forehead upon Aunt Mary's shoulder, so as to hide her swollen eyes, and Aunt Mary laid aside her knitting-work, smoothed her snowy kerchief, folded her hands and began. The story, though addressed to Isabel, seemed meant for us all, for Aunt Mary's eyes were directed by turns to each member of the family group.

"I was only a little girl when I first knew Julia Evans, about as large as Mary, perhaps. Her parents were wealthy and highly respectable, and quite intimate at our house; and Julia and *I*, being much together, early formed for each other a strong attachment. We were, in tastes and dispositions, much alike, though totally different in person—she being very handsome, tall and well formed, while I was plain, and on account of ill health, quite small of my age. Her eyes were large and deep, and very black; and her curls were like thine, Isabel, only thicker, and perhaps a trifle darker, and clustering more closely about her regal forehead. Thou shouldst have seen her hand, so slender and delicate and white, never disfigured with rings, for her parents, like mine, belonged to the sect that did not believe in outward adorning. I hardly know how they came to permit her to wear her hair in ringlets, but it was obstinately inclined to curl, and Julia was quite determined to dress it so, and she was a great favorite with her parents, and so for once I suppose they let her have her own way. No matter.

"We grew up together, till we were both sixteen; we had the same teachers, pursued the same studies, were almost daily together, had all our secrets in common, formed the same acquaintances, and for a year or two dressed exactly alike. Nothing occurred to interrupt the harmony existing between us; we were more than sisters to each other. We were just sixteen, when doomed to separate. Business called Mr. Evans, her father, to a distant city, and thither he soon after removed his family.

"The night before they left our town, we took a last walk together. O, never shall I forget that moonlight stroll beneath the cedars! Eden never saw a lovelier night. Everything above and around us served to tranquillize our spirits; and though we were exceedingly sad at the thought of parting, and talked much of our anticipated loneliness, we were hopeful, and indulged largely in speculations and wild, romantic dreams of the future. We talked over the pleasure that would transpire during our long visits, for, notwithstanding the distance that would soon intervene between us, we promised ourselves to pass at least two months of every year in each other's society. Then we pledged to each other to write such long letters, and to write so frequently! and thought how funny it would seem for us, who never had half-a-dozen letters in our whole lives, to be getting one by every other post that came.

"How long we walked and talked, I cannot say—the time passed so swiftly and so pleasantly. Presently we came upon a clump of trees, whose roots, naked and bare in places, swelling up from the soil, had often served us for seats. There we sat down, alas!—though we little thought so then—for the last time!

"'And now,' said Julia, more thoughtfully and earnestly than I had ever before heard her speak, 'before we part to-night, let us pledge ourselves to be firm and faithful friends, till we die. Let me have one of thy sunny braids, Mary,' said she, opening a small penknife, unbinding my hair, and severing a lock of it.

"'And in return,' said I, 'I shall choose thy prettiest curl—here, this one upon thy forehead. Yet no, it will disfigure thee to lose that; let me have another—no matter which."

"But before I could seize her hand, the curl was severed and laid on my lap. I still have it, and some time will show it thee, Isabel; somewhat faded it is, but still beautiful, and I cannot tell you how dear to me! Never had my sweet Julia seemed so radiant as then. Through the trees a ray of soft moonlight struggled, till it rested upon her clustering hair, and as she raised her eyes to mine, floated over her face.

"'We have pledged ourselves by these locks of hair,' she said; 'let us keep them sacred till we die!'

"Then we kissed each other's lips. There was a short pause; Julia broke the silence. Putting her arm about my neck, and resting her fair hand just where thy forehead now is, Isabel, she spoke:

"'And now, Mary, I am going among strangers; I shall have no one to love, while thou hast many friends about thee. There is Sarah Drake and Ellen Saunders, and a dozen or two more; thou wilt not be lonely like me. Besides, I am to live in a great city, where are no retired walks, no green, waving meadows, no flowers, and thou knowest how much I love all these.'

"'Why, I never thought of that before,' said I. 'The city will be no place for thee, Julia; it will seem a prison. But yet thou wilt find friends enough—none to love thee as I do, but many whom thou wilt learn to love.'

"I thought how her beauty and grace would win for her admiration and homage and love, and for the first time, God forgive me, I felt a secret yet unacknowledged fear that she would some day love others better than me. Yet I did not cherish the thought; it only flitted through my brain.

"'I do not easily form attachments, Mary,' she replied, sadly. 'I am inclined, I fear, to distrust; or, rather, I shrink from society in general, and find my happiness in the society of a very few tried, constant friends. I shall have none such where I go.'

"I spoke cheerfully to her, and drawing her head to my bosom, kissed off the tears which glistened in her eyes. I was about to praise her beauty and tell her of the power it would give her, but suddenly checked myself, for both of us hated everything that seemed like flattery.

"The setting moon reminded us that it was becoming late. We renewed our pledge of fidelity, set the days when we would write each other, and walked slowly homeward. She was to spend the night with me.

"The morrow came and went, and with it Julia Evans, the sunshine of my heart. It was very lonely without her, and for a long time I found my chief happiness in writing to her, and receiving her sweet, simple, artless replies. Six months passed. At the end of that time she was to visit me, but in this we were disappointed, for she was seized with a fever, and consequently detained at home. My father's business prevented him from accompanying me to her, and I was too inexperienced to travel the distance alone. The time of our meeting was therefore postponed. Letters were, however, still very frequently exchanged, and our affection knew as yet no wane. Some day I will read thee some of her letters.

"At the end of a year I visited her, and the interview was truly delightful. Julia looked more delicate than formerly, for the air of the city did not agree with her, but she was not less beautiful. She had grown more affectionate than ever; our conversation was indeed the communion of soul, and I never loved her as when we parted then. In six months, she was to return the visit; but ere that time had elapsed, my father was summoned to England to take possession of an estate which he had very unexpectedly inherited. As my mother was an English woman, and had many relatives there, he resolved to take his family with him, thinking at that time to return in a few months. I wrote a long letter to Julia, telling her where her letters would find me, and earnestly begging her to be prompt in answering mine. Immediately upon our arrival in England, I wrote again. Two months passed, and still I heard nothing from my friend. Thinking her sick, or that my communication or her reply had failed to reach its destination, I wrote again and again, but still received no word of intelligence from Julia. Every possible reason was assigned for her silence, at least so it seemed to me, but when, after being detained a year in England, I heard no word from her or her parents, though I had several times written them both, I began to entertain a slight fear that she was estranged from me, or at least had found some one to take my place in her affections. It was a revival of the vague impression which occurred to me upon the night of our walk.

"When, therefore, my father decided to take a tour of Europe, and I wrote her again, with the hope that accident and not unfaithfulness on her part prevented my hearing from her, entreating her to write me at Paris, and still no reply reached me, I began to believe that my fears were true. About this time, a letter from a friend residing near my home assured me that Julia Evans was engaged to a gay, wealthy merchant of the city where she now lived, and would probably be married in a few months. I was then almost sure that new affections and interests had usurped the place formerly consecrated to me, though why she should love me less because she loved her future husband more, I could not see. Bitterly did I weep over the thought that she was so different from what I believed—that the heart I once thought so large and warm, and so true to me, should prove itself quite the reverse. Yet I could not *fully* believe that I had so mistaken her character, so I wrote once more, begging her to tell me if the report of her speedy marriage was true, telling her to direct to Vienna. Our tour was so slow that I thought there would be sufficient time for a letter to reach that city before us. In this I was, however, mistaken. We left Vienna before her reply, had she sent one, could have reached that city.

"We spent the ensuing winter at Florence, and arrived home the following spring, after an absence of two years and a half. We found our quiet village greatly changed. Numbers of those whom we knew best had emigrated to the far West; a railroad had found its way there, and manufacturing interests suddenly started had given a startling impulse to the business of the place. As if by magic new streets had been planned and built up, new buildings substituted for old ones, and so numerous and so various were the improvements, I hardly knew the place of my birth.

"As I said, few who knew us when we left, were there to greet our return. I had been home a little more than a month when a mutual friend of Julia Evans and myself called at my father's. I eagerly inquired for Julia.

"'Have you not seen her?' replied my friend; 'she was in town a week ago. But now I think of it, she made no mention of your arrival. Perhaps she had not heard of it.'

"'Impossible!' exclaimed I. 'Nearly all our friends had called on us; how could she have failed to hear it?'

"My astonishment was certainly great. That Julia Evans had been in the place without deigning to call upon me, awoke, I am sorry to say, not only my grief, but my pride and resentment. Indeed I could scarcely restrain, for a single moment, my feelings of indignation. My friend went on to comment in lively terms upon Julia's appearance—her brilliant beauty, and her pleasant, agreeable manners and so on, alluding to the common report of her expected marriage in terms which led me to think that she was about making at least a very brilliant alliance.

"When my visitor was gone, I rushed to my room, bolted the door, and wept as I never wept before nor since. It was my first serious disappointment. All along I had cherished the rather improbable hope that our letters had been miscarried or intercepted, and I had, O so many, many things to tell her! I felt almost certain that when I reached home, her silence would in some way be satisfactorily explained. Now all hope of this sort died within me. Julia, I was sure, had ceased to love me. I resolved to write her no more—never, if I could avoid it, to speak of her—and, so far as possible, to banish her from my thoughts.

"Nearly four months passed away, during which time I had come to think of Julia only as a proud, fickle being, whose friendship, even, I scarcely cared to retain. Alas, it seems strange that my own sincere affection could thus be turned into bitterness! yet so it was. I had a proud, unforgiving spirit; indeed, I mentally resolved never to forgive her, should she again seek my favor. I had then, or rather my father had, all the advantages of abundant wealth. He was generally beloved and universally respected, so that we were freely admitted into the best and highest circles of society, though my father was of a quiet disposition and made it a principle to avoid the gaieties of life. Editions of our present position would, I could scarcely doubt, reach her, and if her character was what I now believed it to be, I thought it possible that she would apologize for the past, and once more seek to establish herself upon terms of intimacy in our family.

"Four months, as I said, passed away, and then I received a letter in the familiar hand of Julia Evans. I was somewhat surprised, but not softened. It contained many professions of regard, though it was rather reserved in tone, and ended by begging me to visit her, or, if that were not practicable, to write her a long letter. It was a long time, a very long time, since she last heard from me. Why had I not written her since my arrival? Doubtless my large circle of friends engrossed my time; she was aware that society had new claims upon me, but could I not steal one little hour for her?

"I can hardly tell how conflicting were my emotions as I perused this letter. At first, I was disposed to consider it sincere, but further reflection convinced me that it was only a piece of diplomacy upon her part, designed to impose upon my good nature, for I then fancied myself possessing a very liberal, benevolent disposition. The offending sheet was ultimately thrown in the fire, and never answered. Soon another came. Long since I learned it by heart, not by any direct effort, but somehow it stamped itself upon my memory. It ran thus:

"'My dear Mary:—Can it be, that thou didst not receive my last letter? Or, in the engrossing demands of a large circle of new acquaintances, hast thou quite forgotten thy old friend and playmate? Being in poor health, I have looked the more anxiously for some word from thee. I long to hear some of the particulars of thy long journey, and much more, Mary, do I long to see thy face, and have a familiar chat about the days 'lang syne.' It is a long time since we last saw each other. Of all the visits planned, when we walked and talked beneath the cedars, only one has transpired. It is four, yes, almost five years since then—eventful years they have been to me, and doubtless to thee also. But I am still too weak to attempt more than a note. May I not hope to hear very soon from thee, if not in a long letter, at least in a note assuring me of thy health and happiness?

'As ever, thy affectionate JULIA.'

"'Strange!' thought I, folding the letter. 'No apology for past neglect—no reason assigned for visiting almost in sight of our dwelling and never calling! Humph! she must be truly anxious to see me!'

"The letter was laid aside. At first, I meditated a haughty, bitter reply; but mature reflection decided me that the matter would sooner end to leave it unanswered. Believing Julia actuated only by selfish motives in writing me and desiring to secure my favor, I felt only a scornful indignation towards her. I made no mention of her letters to any one, not even my parents. Two months more elapsed. During the time, her name had never passed my lips. She was the same to me as though I had never known her.

"One evening a letter from Mary Evans, Julia's mother, surprised me. It was short—containing only the startling intelligence that Julia was in a hopeless decline, a touching account of the progress of her disease, and an urgent invitation to visit them without delay, stating that Julia was very, very anxious to see me.

"This was a thunderbolt to me. I could not resist the appeal of her mother, and yet, at first, I dreaded the meeting. With some misgivings for my past indifference to my former friend, I made immediate preparations for my departure. Already I became aware that I had cherished towards Julia wicked, ungenerous feelings; and as I thought of her as a helpless invalid, soon to die, and recalled her former gentleness and devotion to me, I wept bitterly. Before morning, I had conquered all my late enmity towards her, or rather it had all vanished, and I felt prepared to throw myself upon Julia's neck and embrace her not less tenderly than as if nothing had interrupted our former confidence and affection.

"I found my friend in the last stages of consumption. The meeting with her I will not attempt to describe. She was calm through it all, and only wept when in an agony of grief I clasped her to my bosom, and with many tears and prayers and self-reproaches, besought her to forgive my cruel neglect of answering her letters.

"Had she been in the past my worst enemy, I could hardly have helped loving her, as from day to day I witnessed her uniform sweetness and patience, her confidence in Heaven, and listened to her glowing conversation. How one so beautiful and so young could become so weaned from earth, I could not divine, for then I knew by experience nothing of the sweet fruits of the Spirit.

"She grew daily weaker, but more radiantly beautiful. Her appearance could scarcely be described. Her eyes, though somewhat sunken, were incomparably brighter than formerly—more expressive, for the soul that looked out from them had been purified and spiritualized. With the hectic glow upon her cheek, and the black clustering hair about her forehead, making her complexion appear whiter and clearer than alabaster itself, the brilliancy of her face can scarcely be imagined.

"As yet, no direct allusion had been made to the past. I had, indeed, talked much of my European tour, and all the strange, beautiful things I had witnessed—had seen her eye kindle with enthusiasm as I described the sunny skies and balmy air of Italy and classic Greece, the grand, magnificent, terrible scenery of the Alps, or the noble beauty of the Rhine; but amid it all, no allusion had been made to the fact of her silence. I was already inwardly convinced that she had written me and that her letters had failed to reach their destination, or else that she had never received mine, for her uniform consciousness, her constant peace, her kind, manner and appearance forbade me to think that there was any act of unkindness in all her life unconfessed and unforgiven. Nor had any allusion been made to the fact of her visiting in our village, so soon after my arrival from the East. There was a mystery here which I felt must be explained before she died. I determined to broach the subject soon. An opportunity presented itself ere I expected, for no sooner had I come to the conclusion, than she called me to sit by her side.

"'I am unusually strong, this morning,' said she, 'and I have a sad tale to tell thee before I leave thee. Thou rememberest, Mary, that I hinted in my note to thee that the four years past had been eventful ones to me?'

"I nodded assent.

"'O,' said she, 'the heartaches that I have had, the strange, wild, bitter, terrible thoughts that have agitated me, and the dreadful struggles of soul, ere I attained the peace I now enjoy!'

"And then she related to me the saddest tale of a young heart's best affections all wasted and thrown away upon a vile, worthless wretch, who came to her in the garb of a member of our society, with the specious appearance of piety and worth, but the *heart* of a fiend—yes, the saddest story, Isabel, that I ever heard. I cannot tell it thee now, for it would alone fill a long chapter, but at some future time, perhaps I will.

"'And the name of this man?' I asked, when she had done.

"'Samuel Wolcott.'

"'Samuel Wolcott!'

"'Yes, an Englishman by birth. Surely, thou dost not know him, Mary?'

"'Was he tall, with large gray eyes and a scar upon his cheek?'

"'Yes; then thou hast seen him—thou knowest him! Tell me quick, Mary.'

"'He is my mother's cousin. Soon after our arrival in England, he made an unsuccessful attempt to defraud my father of a large amount of money. Upon the failure of the plan, he absconded and was never heard of again in England. Strange he did not change his name, but he hardly expected us to know any one in so remote a city, and probably thought it unnecessary.'

"'And now I remember,' said Julia, 'that when, soon after my acquaintance with him, I spoke of you, and of our strong attachment to each other, he acted rather strangely. I observed it then, but soon forgot it.'

"The thought at once occurred to me that this man had borne some part in intercepting the letters that passed between us. He would scarcely desire my parents to know his whereabouts, even though he was beyond the reach of justice. At least, provided he designed to win Julia, as he undoubtedly did, he would wish to keep my family in ignorance of the affair. The close intimacy existing between Julia and myself would warrant a fear on his part that his name should be mentioned in some of her letters. Would it not be policy in him to intercept our correspondence?

"'And now, Julia,' said I, 'I must ask thee some questions. How many letters didst thou receive from me during my absence?'

"'Two: one immediately after your arrival, and another some three months after, stating that thou hadst received no answer and begging me to write soon. I did so immediately. I answered thy first letter, but it must have miscarried.'

"'And I wrote thee no less than six.'

"'O, Mary, what could have become of them all? How much did I wrong thee by judging thee too much engrossed in the strange people with whom thou wast becoming acquainted, and with the beauties thou wast meeting in thy travels, to think of me!' I wondered thou hadst not spoken of thy silence, but as I had forgiven thee, I thought it not best to mention it to thee. Now tell me how many letters thou hadst from me.'

"'Not one, Julia—not one.'

"'Not one, when I wrote thee five! What couldst thou have thought? Yes, I wrote thee six during thy stay in England, and afterwards I knew not where to direct. Could Samuel have been guilty of that? No, no, I will not judge him so harshly. He always carried my letters to the office, and used to sympathize so much with me, when I felt so disappointed in not hearing from thee!'

"Each pleaded guilty to having thought the other unkind, though I had much more to confess than Julia, for she learned the lesson of forgiveness years before, while I knew it not.'

"'There yet remains one thing unexplained,' said I. 'It is with regard to thy visit in our place. That made me more wretched than anything else. That thou shouldst come so near me, and not even call—'

"'O, Mary, how strange—how very strange that no one told me of thy arrival! Can it indeed be that thou wast home then? But I only remained one night there, for most of those I knew had emigrated. I took rooms at the hotel and made very short calls. People must have supposed me aware of thy return. I should not have visited there had I not been passing through upon a more distant journey. The last that I heard of thee was through an acquaintance, who told me that thou wast to remain another year in Europe.'

"*Now* the matter was clear to me, and years afterward, Samuel Wolcott, when dying in a State's prison, confessed to having intercepted our correspondence, all but my first letters, the two she mentioned, and *her* first one, which was lost, previous to his acquaintance with Julia. Ah, I had much to reproach myself with! Alas, alas! how bitterly did I repent the past!—how vainly wish to live it o'er! I shed such tears as I hope thou mayest never shed, Isabel.

"And now," said Aunt Mary, wiping her eyes, "my story is done. Some time I will tell thee how, from day to day, Julia grew more like an angel, until one evening she fell asleep in my arms—how, upon that night, the moonlight fell upon her glorious hair, just as it did when we sat beneath the cedars—how her eyes, lit with a glory such as thou mayest have *dreamed* of, Isabel, but never *saw*, were raised to mine, till they were diverted (so I always believed) by the angels—how her slender, white, almost transparent hand grew heavy and cold as I held it to my lips, till the glory left her eyes, and, as I said, she fell asleep in my arms."

"O, do tell me now, Aunt Mary," said Isabel.

"Not now, Isabel—do not urge me. I cannot tell thee now, for I wish thee to think why I have told thee this story."

"Yes, yes, aunty," said Isabel, her cheeks all a-glow, "I see it—I know what you would have me learn! I shall not hate Fanny; I shall go at once, and seek an explanation. Some one must have spoken falsely!"

"That's right, darling," said Aunt Mary, kissing her cheek; "that's right. I tell thee, Isabel, there would be much less suffering in the world, if *everybody* would do so."

INTELLIGENT.

The Austrian police officers lately pounced on a volume of Plato in Greek in the trunk of an American traveller.

"There may be something improper here," said the official Dogberry.

"Impossible!" replied the traveller. "It's the work of an ancient philosopher."

"What of that!" exclaimed the ass. "How do I know he didn't write against the Austrian government!"—*N. Y. Journal of Commerce.*

[CONTINUED.]

The Flag of our Union, containing this story, can be had of all our publishing office.]

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

REST.

BY DARE STEIL.

How sweet a word to the weary one—
What peace to the troubled breast,
To know his footsteps are nearing home,
Where he will find a rest!
Rest from the wearying cares of life—
Rest from its toils, its sorrowing strife—
Rest from the grave.

The wanderer o'er life's darksome way,
Has faint and weary grown,
And is sinking by the rough wayside,
Where thorns are thickly sown,
When with straining eyes he sees afar
A light—a guide—a glorious star,
That points to rest.

A rest for the soul, beyond, beyond
This misty, cheerless vale;
Where love's bright blossoms in beauty bloom,
Nor ever droop and pale;
For no wintry blasts sweep o'er to chill,
No autumnal frosts to blight and kill,
For there is rest.

Where the parting tear is never shed,
And sorrow is unknown—
There, there is rest for the weary head,
Rest for the weary soul:
Rest from the wearying cares of life—
Rest from its toils, its sorrowing strife—
Rest from the grave.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

GRACE CARROLL.

BY WILLIAM B. OLIVER.

It was a cold frosty morning in March. All night the stars had hidden themselves from the pale watchers, whom sickness or suffering had forbidden to sleep, and the morning dawned without sunshine, almost without light, for the dark, slate-colored clouds threw shadows over the pathway of the town, and made still darker the streets of the city.

At ten in the morning, a modest, dark-colored, one-horse carriage stopped at the door of a large brick building, in the upper part of the city, and a lady and gentleman alighted.

"Is this the orphan's asylum?" said the gentleman to a lad, passing. The boy explained that there was a special door at the other side of the house, where people who had business must ring; so leading the horse round the corner, and asking the lad to hold it, the gentleman rang vigorously, and was answered by an old woman whose withered face, bent form and sour look did not impress him as being a suitable porteress for the bright forms and faces that might sometimes be brought hither. He asked for the matron, and was ushered into a cold, scantily furnished room, with unpapered walls and uncarpeted floor. A desk and some chairs were the only furniture, and those were of the most meagre description. The matron made her appearance. She was tall and very thin, with harsh gray hair, and harsher gray eyes, and, moreover, she was dressed in gray. Not a trace of warm, human feeling was visible on that cold, stern countenance; no womanly softness, no motherly sweetness. The old apple woman round the corner looked more lovingly after the little ones who did *not* stop at her stand to buy. She looked as if frozen into stone, and the eye was stony as well as gray; you might have fancied that she was Lot's wife, looking upon the vanished hopes of her youth, and turned into that cold, hard pillar.

Perhaps Miss Cumston never had any hopes to look back upon; surely she could have none in the future, with that hard look. Those thin lips could never have murmured sweet words of love, or sung sweet lullabies to an infant. It was not a face out of which love and music had *gone;* because they evidently had not been there, to go.

Mr. Carroll thought all this, while he was looking about for some set phrase in which to address her; for his genial nature was chilled, and the benevolent errand on which he came was checked and delayed, by the absence of sympathy in her looks. His wife saved him the trouble of speaking. Already her woman's tongue had found a voice, and she was eagerly inquiring if there were any children in the establishment needing a home.

"Do you wish to take one?" said the thin lips.

"We wish to look at all of them," said Mr. Carroll. "You will please to show us every child in the asylum, and if there is one that suits our purpose, we shall probably take it. But we want, as I said, to see every one of them."

Miss Cumston led the way to a long chamber, where about twenty little ones, of various ages, were assembled, under the care of another person almost a duplicate of herself. The same stony look was distinctly visible, but behind it, there was something a little more human, something that said that the look was acquired by long practice. In the other sister, it was born there. Miss Elinor Cumston appeared to be some few years younger than her sister, and the little ones were more familiar with her. They came around her while they kept aloof from Miss Jane.

"Are these all the children you have?" said Mr. Carroll, for a friend had insinuated to him, that in these places they do not exhibit the brightest and finest children until some of the rest are disposed of.

"All but one, sir," said Miss Elinor.

"Will you allow me to look at that one?"

The elder sister looked reproachfully at Elinor, probably because she had betrayed the fact; but she had no alternative than to show her charge, and she led the way to another and a smaller room. If the other children had not impressed the visitor favorably, here was one that could not fail to do so. Beside the fire sat a healthy, good-looking Irish woman, and in her arms a beautiful, healthy child of about ten months old. The child was not her own, but she had evidently taken good and sufficient care of it, and it did credit to her kindly keeping.

Miss Cumston seemed unwilling to have this child chosen. It was the healthiest and best fed, the happiest of the whole tribe, and would be taken in preference to any other.

She whispered a while to Elinor, and Mrs. Carroll heard her say, "well, let them have her! nobody will want the others while this one looks so well, and we may as well get her away."

It touched upon Mrs. Carroll's womanly sympathy, this reference to the little pinched and forlorn ones she had seen in the other room; and resolutely closing her eyes to the sweet, laughing, crowing baby, she walked into the long chamber, selected a pale, but intelligent-looking little girl, about two years old, and held her up to her husband for his approval. The child held out her arms to be taken, and Mr. Carroll bent forward and kissed her little violet lips. That kiss sealed the child's fortune. She sprang to his arms, and they enfolded her in a loving clasp.

"Wrap her up well," said he to Miss Cumston. "It is very cold, and I fear she will suffer, otherwise."

There was a hesitation which Mrs. Carroll easily divined. "We will send the clothes all home," she said, and the sisters seemed satisfied. By the time that the books were signed, and all the arrangements entered into on both sides, the child was brought in, dressed in a warm cloak and hood, and clapping her hands with pleasure at the story which nurse had told her of going to ride. For it was kind-hearted Katy, in the little room, who had laid down her own charge, and fitted the little one for her journey, and now stood with a tear falling down her rosy, good humored face, contrasting so strongly with her cold, unmoved mistresses, as to make the Carrolls wish that they might exchange places with her.

* * * *

At the door of a handsome house in a country town, about fifteen miles from the city, two bright, noble-looking boys appeared, to welcome their father and mother who had just stopped in the same carriage that stood in the morning at the door of the orphan's home.

It was now four o'clock, and already the bright lights were dancing in the windows, and the reflection of an ample wood-fire was throwing up broad red glances on the white ceiling within.

"What have you brought, father?" said little Fred, the youngest, as his father alighted with a large bundle in his arms.

"For shame, Freddy," said Willie, "to ask father now, when he is so cold!"

Willie gave his hand to his mother to help her up the steps, and Mr. Carroll followed with his bundle.

"Send Patrick after the horse, Willie, and tell him to give him a good supper."

Mr. Carroll never forgot the comfort of any living thing. As he entered the room the child woke from her long sleep, and looked round upon the boys, with a smiling, satisfied air, while they stood in utter amazement, unable to speak, gazing upon the fairy gift which their father had brought them.

"This must be your little sister, my sons," said Mrs. Carroll, "and I hope I need not ask you to be very gentle and tender with her. You see that she is quite small and feeble, and will be unable to play as you great boys of eight and ten years old can."

"Indeed we will, mother! Thank you a thousand times. A dear little sister! Mother, how good you are! What is her name? Where did you get her?"

"Her name? sure enough, she must have a name —not that harsh uncouth name which was hers at the asylum; but some soft, sweet name. What should it be?"

"Let it be Grace," said Mrs. Carroll, after a dozen names had been proposed and rejected. "Grace Carroll! the names sound well together;" and Grace Carroll, the baby was called. That night, as the family sat at their pleasant teatable, the "one thing wanting" seemed happily supplied, and a spectator might have safely predicted that the little girl would become an important part of the household.

We pass over ten years. Grace is now twelve years old, Fred is twenty, and on his last year in college, and William was quietly settled down as a physician. Fred, who came home only on Saturday evenings, was very particular in his demands upon the attentions of Grace, who waited upon him scrupulously. She prepared for his coming, arranged her music to play to him, put on her best frock to receive him, and kept the week's news for his special hearing. But after all had been done for his comfort and pleasure, she would draw her low seat beside William, and look up into his face for an hour, without speaking. William would give no other sign of his satisfaction, than a calm smile when she sat down, and an occasional glance from his large volume to her sweet, young face, while Fred would endeavor to draw off her attention in various ways. She would answer him, do whatever he wished, but would relapse into her old habit of watching Willie's face again. Fred would scold or laugh at her for this, and when Fred returned, after four years' travel, during which he had written hundreds of letters to Grace, he came home to find her a beautiful young lady, accomplished, graceful as her own sweet name, and "flandsome as a picture," there she was still sitting at William's feet, in the low chair.

"How beautiful you have grown, Grace!" said Fred. "I never expected to see Grace so handsome, did you, William?"

"*Is* Grace handsome?" said William. "I never observed it; but I suppose she must be, for she is good," and the student relapsed again to his books.

Fred turned impatiently away, and gave a long whistle. Half an hour later, William had gone to see his patients and Fred was teasing Grace to sing.

"Willie does not like that," she said, as he opened to a song which he called beautiful. She would not sing it. Presently he came to one which she called Willie's favorite, and she sang it notwithstanding that Fred stopped his ears, and declared it hideous.

Mrs. Carroll saw nothing of all this. To her the child was her boys' sister. She never thought of any other feeling coming to either. She must have been blind not to see that they both loved her, and that they never called her sister. Sometimes Grace said "brother" to Fred, but never to William. Mr. Carroll was more observant. He sat by, in his arm-chair, and he made observations occasionally, with which he never troubled his wife. There was no need, "Grace would be our daughter still more truly," he said, and already he saw her as William's wife, as loving, as gentle, as beautiful as now, and bound to their declining days by a new and tender tie.

Mrs. Carroll was not so easy, when she saw that Fred grew jealous of his brother. He showed it now, every time that Grace spoke to William, and he engaged her attention from him on the most trifling pretexts. William missed her from her accustomed seat, but, outwardly, he took no notice.

* * *

It was a sweet, moonlight hour, that in which Grace sat by the window alone. The light came in upon her in silvery flecks, between the sprays of honeysuckle and clematis which garlanded the large bay window. Within the room all was darkness. She did not know that some one had come in, and sat there in that darkness, watching the gleams of light as they flitted in the light evening breeze, over her white dress and her beautiful face, made still more beautiful by the sweet serenity that dwelt upon it from the influences of that peaceful hour.

While Grace sat there, Fred came up the long gravel walk. She could not see him, for the honeysuckle lay thickly over the window; but she heard his quick, ringing step, so different to any other, and as he came near, she thought that she heard his hurried breathing.

He dashed into the room, and walked up to that window, where he well knew that he should find Grace.

"You avoid me lately, Grace," he began, "I have not had five minutes' conversation with you for a week. Latterly, you seem to be with William constantly, and I have no opportunity of talking with you at all."

"Don't say that, brother Fred," said Grace; "surely I spend as much time with you as with William. You forget that while he sits here studying, I am often galloping over the hills with you."

"But what chance is there to *talk* on horseback, Grace? One quiet hour like this, is worth more than twenty such as we spend together every week, because there is no chance for conversation in them."

Grace laughed. "I think we are together as much as most brothers and sisters, Fred, and I do not know what subject we have left untouched. It seems to me that we have gone over everything which comes under the head of conversation, many times over."

"Pshaw! forgive me, Grace, for the word, but surely you must know what I mean. I love you —not as a sister—you shall never call me brother again. You may call William 'brother,' and you may be a sister to him—but never to me. Gracie, you must be my wife!"

Fred's wife! She had never thought of this. Her life had been so peaceful, so beautiful in its relations to them all, that it startled and even terrified her, to have it assume any other shape, even in thought. Loving William as she truly did, watchful as she was of his comfort, she had never dreamed of being anything more to him than she was now. And for Fred, it was still farther from her thoughts; nor could she bring it near, now that he had presented the idea in words.

Fred's wife! He had to repeat it before she could answer, and when she did, it was with a broken and tearful entreaty that he would not seek to put this barrier between their pleasant intercourse; that he would never again trouble the peaceful current of her calm, sisterly love, with words like these.

There was an hour of stormy grief on his side, and of tearful regret on hers, and then Grace begged him to leave her. He went out into the still moonlight, and tried to still his heart, by walking far and rapidly.

And there, in the shadow, still sat the figure that had staid there through the whole scene. Grace almost fell over it, when she was hurrying to her room, and then she knew who it was.

"William!" she gasped out, "have you been listening to all this? I could not have believed it of you."

"Grace, do not condemn me until I can speak in my defence. I came here, silently, before my brother entered; and Grace, I came for the same purpose for which he came! When he came in so suddenly, I was too much overcome with my own feelings to allow him to witness them. I would wait, I thought, until I could speak to you both, calmly. But you know how he spoke; so suddenly, so impetuously, and after the first words were spoken, I could not have moved for my life. I knew that no one thought of my being here, and had you not fallen, no one would ever have known it. Had you accepted Fred, I must have betrayed myself. As it was, I sat in a quiet happiness, which can only be made deeper and stronger by the thought that sometime I may say to you words which you have heard from another, and that you will answer them differently. Forgive me, Grace! I know how my being here must look to you, how it would look to Fred, but he does not know, and never must know, that I heard it all. He is so proud of great antiquity. On one side of the hall is the huge, old-fashioned fire-place, capable of containing nearly a cord of wood at once, and on the other side of it high Gothic windows look out upon an exquisite landscape. Directly beneath the window, but a hundred feet below it, the classic Avon falls with a low murmur over a slight cascade and winds away through green meadows, till its silver thread is lost in the distance. Just above the cascade are the ruins of an old bridge, its broken arches completely overgrown with vines whose long green tendrils droop to the surface of the stream. Beyond it is a little island formed by the river, overgrown by a forest of trees whose giant trunks are almost entirely concealed by the creeping ivy, while in the distance is an elegant villa embosomed in greenery.

We gazed upon the view, almost enchanted by its loveliness, and turned away reluctantly to the relics within. The old butler took down from the wall by our side a heavy leathern doublet, stained with blood, with which Lord Brooke was killed at Lichfield in 1643. Opposite the fire-

breakfast table; but she was above any pretext, and she bathed her wet eyes, and went down. Fred was not there! and William was cold and abstracted. Mrs. Carroll noticed the heaviness of her daughter's eyes, and was profuse in her exclamations of regret, begging William to prescribe for them. Every word deepened Grace's confusion, and as she found it impossible to preserve her serenity, she went back to her chamber. Thither Mrs. Carroll followed, after a brief conversation with William, in which he had told her all. It was with a generous disregard of his own happiness that William offered to waive all pretensions to Grace, if she could love his brother; and when Fred returned, pale and careworn, at evening, his brother actually undertook to plead his cause with Grace.

"Loving you as I do, Grace, I would resign you willingly, if you can make it appear that it will be for the happiness of yourself."

"O, no," said she, "let me be your sister again. It is all that I can wish. This is idle, to break up the peace of this happy circle in this way. Only let us be as before."

This could not be, William said; but before he could finish his sentence, his brother came in.

"I see how it is, Grace," he said, mournfully, "William loves you, too, and more than that, you love him. Nay, do not speak. I have long seen it in both. I cannot stay here to see it; but when I am gone away, as I shall soon go, you will be happy together." His eyes filled with tears. They had not known the depth of affection that lay beneath the crust of Fred's careless and apparently reckless disposition. They felt it keenly now. In a few weeks he was gone.

Four years have passed, and Mrs. Carroll sits holding her little grandson, while another climbs on her husband's knee. The gate opens, and up the long gravel walk comes Fred, and by his side a tall, graceful, dignified woman, and *she* is Fred's wife.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

LETTER NO. VIII.

WARWICK, England, June 4, 1856.

M. M. BALLOU:—Dear Sir,—To-day we spent an hour most delightfully at the castle. We could not have had a more lovely time to visit it, at any season; the air is mild, the sky cloudless, and the trees and landscape as beautiful as spring can make them.

The castle grounds are surrounded by a high wall, which we passed, through a huge gateway, called the porter's lodge, and entered a winding carriage-way cut out of solid rock, overgrown with creeping-plants, ivy and wild flowers. The carriage-way terminating abruptly, brought suddenly in view the giant walls and fortifications of the castle, grim and hoary with age. On one hand is Guy's tower, rising to the height of one hundred and twenty feet, of polygonal form, having twelve sides, and walls ten feet thick. On the other hand is Cesar's tower, founded before the Norman conquest, and though the storms of eight hundred years have beat upon it, the rock upon which it stands is scarcely firmer than its huge walls.

In the centre of the embattled wall connecting these towers, is the ponderous arched gateway, with its portcullis and towers. A stone arch is thrown over the moat, where was formerly the drawbridge, and traces of the old moat may still be seen beneath the walls. Passing over the bridge and through the arched gateway, we entered the inner court, and a scene of wonderful beauty opened before us. Here stood the castle, with its noble line of buildings, the mansion of feudal barons and powerful earls whose influence had raised up and overthrown kings. It has a grand and imposing appearance, uninjured by time, or the hand of modern art, which has improved but not disfigured it, and looks well worthy of the scenes and histories with which it is connected. In front is a beautiful green lawn, on which a little boy of two years, the second son of the present earl, was playing with his nurse. He was a bright-eyed, healthy-looking little fellow, very plainly dressed. His nurse told us he had two brothers, one a year older, and the other a year younger, so that the family is not likely to become extinct at present.

At the further end of the lawn, the castle buildings terminated in a round tower, with long, narrow windows, which adjoined the mount, a slight eminence covered with shrubs and crowned with towers and battlements. One of these towers was commenced by Richard III., and is still unfinished. Beneath it is a flight of stone steps, leading to a subterranean passage, which is now, closed and its direction is unknown.

After viewing for a few moments the external beauties of the castle, we passed up a broad flight of stone steps and entered the great hall, where the old butler waited to show us the state rooms of the castle. This hall was in former times the great banqueting hall, where the lords and barons feasted their guests and retainers, and its dimensions corresponded with their liberal hospitality. The wainscoting is solid oak, polished like a mirror, the floor of alternate squares of red and white marble, from Verona. The wall is hung with many curious relics, some of them of great antiquity. On one side of the hall is the huge, old-fashioned fire-place, capable of containing nearly a cord of wood at once, and on the other side of it high Gothic windows look out upon an exquisite landscape. Directly beneath the window, but a hundred feet below it, the classic Avon falls with a low murmur over a slight cascade and winds away through green meadows, till its silver thread is lost in the distance. Just above the cascade are the ruins of an old bridge, its broken arches completely overgrown with vines whose long green tendrils droop to the surface of the stream. Beyond it is a little island formed by the river, overgrown by a forest of trees whose giant trunks are almost entirely concealed by the creeping ivy, while in the distance is an elegant villa embosomed in greenery.

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place was a coat of mail, worn by Henry VII., and above it, the helmet worn by Cromwell during the civil wars. By its side was a pistol, from which Colt derived the idea of his revolver. Leaning against the wall, was a carving in wood of the "Battle of the Amazons on the Bridge," from the painting by Rubens, of exquisite workmanship.

Passing through a narrow passage in the wall, which was six feet thick, of solid masonry, we entered the great dining-room, its walls richly gilt, and the floor of polished oak—so smooth it was difficult to stand upon it. At one end of the room was an original portrait of Sir Philip Sidney, the face bearing the unmistakable imprint of genius, and beside it, a portrait of the great Lord Brooke, whose tomb in St. Mary's Church bears the inscription: "The friend of Sir Philip Sidney." Upon the other side, is the Earl of Leicester. Beneath them, is the celebrated "Kenilworth Buffet," exhibited at the Crystal Palace in 1851. The back of it is a beautiful carving in wood of Leicester's reception of Queen Elizabeth in Kenilworth Castle. On one door, is a carving of Amy Robsart pleading with Queen Elizabeth, and on the other, the Earl of Leicester kneeling before her haughty majesty. This buffet was purchased by the town of Warwick for nearly ten thousand dollars, and presented to the present earl on his marriage.

There are three antique busts in this room, of great value and very beautiful. One is a head of Trajan, another of Augustus, as perfect as when the hand of the sculptor rested from its completion. The third is a bust of Scipio Africanus, found at Rome, and restored by Thorwaldsen for the Earl of Warwick. The face and head are magnificent, the mouth expressive of great decision and firmness. Leaving these beautiful relics, we entered the red drawing-room, the walls of which are red and gilt, and hung with many interesting and valuable paintings. Between the windows rises a beautiful table formerly belonging to Marie Antoinette, and taken from the Tuileries by the English. The "lapis lazuli" and many other beautiful stems are wrought into flowers and other devices very finely. The next room is the cedar drawing-room, whose walls, though so old, still fill the room with their strong odor. From this we entered the gilt drawing-room, splendidly furnished, and containing a table inlaid with many precious stones—brought from a Venetian palace at a cost of fifty thousand dollars.

The state bedroom is hung with tapestry two hundred and fifty years old, and contains the state-bed of Queen Anne, a full-length portrait of her, and the furniture of her bed-room, which is odd-looking and worn. From the window of the next room, a little boudoir, hung with green satin, we looked down upon a cedar of Lebanon two hundred years old.

Passing through a dark, narrow passage, we entered the chapel where the family, with the domestics, attend service every morning. The walls, wainscoted with oak, are several hundred years old. The chapel is very plain, but lighted with richly stained windows.

The effect of the whole of the state apartments is much heightened by the tastefully arranged antique furniture, the exquisite paintings, all of them by masters of the art, the busts of Parian marble, rich and rare vases and beautiful bronzes.

After feeling the butler for his attentions, we retraced our steps through the grounds, and the heavy gates closing upon us, we were again in the street. Yours respectfully, J. P. B.

News Glances.

THE LATE MRS. GEORGE BARRETT.—The ladies of this city are moving in the matter of erecting a monument at Mount Auburn to the memory of the late Mrs. George Barrett, who for many years was a bright ornament of the theatrical profession, and the admired idol of Bostonians.

WHAT IT SIGNIFIES.—The name of Deseret, which the Mormons have given to Utah, signifies the "State of the Honey Bee." The honey bee is the processor of fortification, its visits to the wilderness being contemporaneous with those of the pioneer.

VALUE OF RESISTANCE.—A certain amount of opposition is a great help to a man. Kites rise against and not with the wind. Even a headwind is better than none. No man ever worked his passage anywhere in a dead calm.

EELS.—One thousand lamprey eels were lately taken at the Holyoke dam on the Connecticut River. These lamprey eels are curious creatures; they have port-holes on both sides and look something like live flutes.

A NICE CALCULATION.—There are, according to medical writers, the large number of seven million pores in the body of a man of ordinary size; and if these were joined lengthwise, a tube would be formed twenty eight miles long!

IN WANT OF MONEY.—The opera house, Philadelphia, now in the process of construction, requires a helping hand. If the gold is not forthcoming there will be no discounting of notes by prima donnas.

ONE IDEA.—A soap-boiler of New York contemplates the destruction of the world by fire, with unbounded satisfaction, because there will be plenty of ashes!

PICKING UP.—Bancroft the historian, has been travelling in the West to gather materials for his history of the United States.

SARATOGA.—The fashionable season at Saratoga began early this year—the 1st of June. All the hotels are crowded now.

A WISE MAXIM.—The Prussians say, whatever you would have appear in a natural life, you must put in its schools.

A FINISHED GENTLEMAN.—One who has fallen in a duel.

THE FLAG OF OUR UNION

MATURIN M. BALLOU,
EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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A MARKED MAN.

A reward was lately offered in London for the apprehension of an escaped convict. The officer in charge handbill stated that it would not be difficult to identify his person, since it bore the following marks: "Adam and Eve, tree and serpent, S., T. S.; bust of a man, mermaid, half rigged ship, George and the Dragon, man, birds, and darts, Hope and anchor, T., crown and anchor on the left arm; seven dots between the wrist and thumb of the left hand; man and girl on the back of the left hand; ring pricked round the middle finger of the left hand; two pugilists in the centre of the chest."

Now there is something like marking for life. There is an individual liberally illustrated, without much cost regard to expense!—a perambulating pictorial—a walking gallery of the fine arts. But much better it is for the purposes of identification to have an individual thoroughly tattooed, than to depend upon such simple engravings as a broad arrow, a cross, or a strawberry mark.

Since, according to the novelists, the loss of children to be abducted by gipsies and nurses is about equal to their liability to the measles, we would respectfully suggest to "parients and guardeens" the expediency of imprinting indelibly upon their infants a liberal quantity of designs. Then when a child is stolen, and turns up after a period of years in time to be elected president of a college in the United States, his parents will have no hesitation in identifying the estray. We have faith in simple marks. We believe that many fond mother has hugged to her heart, after a bereavement, a child that had no claims to her affection. What's a strawberry mark on the left arm? All children have them; and a bunch of grapes is so common as to be absolutely contemptible. We go in for making assurance doubly sure.

If our system of a plethora of prickings is not universally adopted, writers for the stage will have a fine field for eloquence in the usual scene of recognition. For instance: Robaldo meeting a man under suspicious circumstances, who, he has reason to suspect is his father's son Rodolph, and the following dialogue ensues:

Robaldo. Have you a heart and cross on your right arm?
Sooty Stranger. I have.
Robaldo (aside). That proof is not sufficient. (*Aloud.*) Also a portrait of the fyer, Fashion. Drawn on your manly chest with sauce ink?
Sooty Stranger. I have.
Robaldo. And on your back a waterfall?
Sooty Stranger. Between my shoulders, friend, trickles down
The very semblance of a cataract.
Robaldo. Not yet enough—
A head of Washington on your left arm?
Sooty Stranger. There is.
Robaldo. There is? Then can I doubt no longer
Twas thus my careful mother marked her child
(Me, too, she liberally illustrated.)
Come to my arms, friend of my early days!
You cannot say that you were sent to buffet
The cruel world without a *marked* design.
Come to my arms, my dear pictorial brother
Rich in the gems of art—yet for thyself,
Not for thy costly pictures, do I prize thee.

How much more dignified is such a recognition, than an impetuous embrace, decided by a single anchor, or asterisk, poorly executed in indigo!

WHAT IS A TURNER?—We see a good deal in the papers of the doings of the German Turners, who have organised in most of our cities. The name of turner means gymnast. A turner was established in Germany in connection with the universities to promote and develop the physical man, and also for the improvement of the mind. The Turner Societies in America are established on this basis.

LIFE IN FLORENCE.—In Florence it is a custom for loafers, and even gentlemen, when they meet a handsome woman in the street, to express their admiration audibly, even adding the subject of their homage. In consequence of this impertinence, the American ladies are said to ride in a carriage.

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HANGING.—Wilson, a United States soldier, was lately hanged at Baton Rouge for killing one of his comrades. He met his death with firmness; but his wife was in his cell, during the execution, screaming as if her heart would break!

APPROPRIATE.—One of the French ministers of war under the Bourbons was named *Soult*—a name of slaughter; a significant appellation for such an official.

STAGE DANCERS.—There are no more terrible people than stage dancers, and they have often occasioned trouble. Their *legs* bring misfortune.

A QUERY.—Does the world go forward? We move in a circle so large that it seems a straight line!

CAUTION.—If we all had windows in our breasts, we should take care to keep the blinds shut!

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CAUTION.—If we all had windows in our breasts we should take care to keep the blinds shut.

RETORTS ON LAWYERS.

Lawyers generally have it all their own way when they are browbeating witnesses—an amusement with which the court very rarely interferes. Sometimes, however, they get as good as they send, when they happen to "wake up the wrong passenger." In the traditions of the English bar, some of these hits are preserved, though they may not be found "in the books." Sergeant Cockle, who was a rough, blustering fellow, once got from a witness more than he gave. In a trial of a right to a fishery he asked the witness, "Do you like fish?" "Ay," replied the witness, with a grin; "but I don't like *cockle sauce* with it." The roar of laughter which echoed through the court rather disturbed the learned sergeant. A somewhat similar anecdote is related of Sergeant Davy, a great lawyer of the last age. A gentleman once appeared in the Court of King's Bench to give bail in the sum of £3000. Sergeant Davy, wanting to display his wit, said to him, sternly: "And pray, sir, how do you make out that you are worth three thousand pounds?" The gentleman stated the particulars of his property up to £2940. "That's all very good," said the sergeant; "but you want sixty pounds more to be worth three thousand." "For that sum," replied the gentleman, in no way disconcerted, "I have a note of hand of one Mr. Sergeant Davy, and I hope he will have the honesty to settle it soon." The laughter that this reply excited extended even to the bench; the sergeant looked abashed, and Lord Mansfield observed, in his usual urbane tone, "Well, brother Davy, I think we may accept bail." Every one remembers how the barrister got bothered in seeking to confuse a clownish witness from Yorkshire.

"Haven't I seen you somewhere?" said he.

"Very likely," was the reply; "I often go there."

"Answer me one question, sir," said the lawyer, sternly. "Are there as many fools as ever in the West Riding?"

"No, sir," replied the witness, promptly. "We have enough on 'em—but not so many as when you were there!"

Dr. Brodum, a notorious quack, was once under examination by Mr. Abraham Moore. "Your name is Brodum, I believe?" inquired the counsel. The doctor nodded assent. "Pray, how do you spell it—Brodum or Broad-hum?" On this there was a loud laugh in court, which was not diminished when the quack replied, with admirable self-possession: "Why, sir, as I am but a doctor, I spell my name Bro-dum; but if I were a *barrister*, I should spell it Broad-Hum!"

Dunning, while examining a witness, asked him if he didn't live at the very verge of the court. "Yes, I do," was the reply.

"And pray, why have you selected such a spot for your residence?"

"In the vain hope of escaping the rascally impertinence of *dunning*," was the retort.

A witness with a Bardolphian nose coming in Dunning's way, he said to him, "Now, Mr. Copper-nose, you have been sworn; what do you say?" "Why, upon my oath," replied the witness, "I would not exchange my copper nose for your brazen face!"

A MONSTER GUN.

A tremendous piece of ordnance in the shape of an iron gun has just been completed at Liverpool, the forging being done by Messrs. Horsefall. In the first place, slabs of iron were welded together until a solid lump was formed, weighing about twenty six tons. Forty men were at times employed upon it, and the forging hammer used weighed nine tons. After being roughly shaped, it was bored, and the metal was found to be perfect, exhibiting no brittleness or imperfections. The net weight of the gun, when completed, was found to be 21 tons, 18 cwt. Its diameter at the muzzle is 27 inches. With a charge of ninety pounds of powder it is expected to throw a ball of 301 pounds weight a distance of five miles. The Pacha of Egypt being desirous of procuring one of these pretty but dangerous playthings, has been informed by the manufacturers that they will make him one cheap—that is to say for $24,000. If he gets it, it will ruin him in powder. What a gun that would be for Fourth of July salutes! It must "speak loud," as the boys say. In the elegant phraseology of the day, it must needs be a "stunner."

A RUSSIAN FLEET.—Our New York friends are on the *qui vive* in expectation of the Russian fleet which the emperor Alexander II. is expected to send to this country. It is supposed that numerous balls and fetes will be given on board the ships of the squadron, and we are quite sure that the New Yorkers will reciprocate with that boundless hospitality which distinguishes their social character.

SHARP RETORT.—A passage at arms between a police justice and a strong-minded woman has thus been recorded in rhyme:

"The brass upon your face," he said,
"Would make a brazen skillet."
"Your honor's head," the wench replied,
"Has sap enough to fill it."

BEER.—During the winter the lager beer manufacturers of Philadelphia brew about $600,000 worth of the article they deal in. The Germans consume vast quantities of it, as is apparent from the figures.

THE POET-ARTIST.—Mr. Buchanan Read, who is now on his way to Italy, will probably remain there several years, as he has numerous commissions for pictures to execute.

COMPLIMENTARY.—A paper out West, speaking of a recent death, says, "the deceased, though a *bona fide director*, is generally believed to have died a Christian."

WHAT YOU NEVER SAW.—A hackman with an umbrella—a German fiddler without long hair—or a wine merchant who drank his own wine.

MARRIAGE.—Richter says: "No man can either live piously or die righteously without a wife." So thought Martin Luther.

EDITORIAL INKDROPS.

They use pulverized crabs as manure in some parts of New Jersey.

Indian corn is of more value than any other agricultural production.

Steam engines are consuming our shade trees "as the ox licketh up the grass."

There are no rights of woman separated from the rights of man.

Within two years past the ocean has swallowed up forty millions of dollars.

Connecticut is only $4000 in debt; but that deficiency makes a talk.

Iranistan, the late residence of Mr. Barnum, at Bridgeport, Ct., will be sold in September.

About $240,000,000 are expended each year in England on the keep of farm horses.

Some of the London detective police assume the disguise of buxom widows.

There will be a sort of semi-official congress of sovereigns at Berlin, soon.

He who has a true love for nature can never be alone.

A young lady in Athol has committed the whole of the New Testament to memory.

Gay spirits are no proof of happiness; bears dance on hot plates.

The aggregate of the sale of Rogers's pictures in London was $150,000.

The musquitoes are now very busy in presenting their "small Williams."

A square foot of cast iron, a quarter of an inch thick, weighs ten pounds.

A true German will spend a whole evening in drinking a mug of beer.

Beauty in a wife is less appreciated than a knowledge of cookery.

Black eyes, in ladies, indicate jealousy—in men, a hard fight.

Auburn and dark brown hair indicate an affectionate nature.

Punch asserted that a lady's bonnet now-a-days was only a "pretender to the crown."

"Women," said a shop-keeper, "were invented to buy shilling calicoes."

The chaplain of the New Hampshire Penitentiary never knew a printer in that prison.

A western lawyer said he read in a culprit's face, "f-r-o-a-d." He meant "fraud."

NOT AT HOME.

We have just entered upon that delightful season when nobody, with any pretension to fashion, will acknowledge a town residence. The great summer exodus is in preparation, and thousands will go forth—some to enjoy the cooling breezes and the delightful ocean baths of Nahant, Phillips's Beach, Nantasket, Newport, the Rip-Raps, Rockaway, and similar establishments; others to sentimentalize over the Falls of Niagara, or indulge in ecstacies on the summits of the Kaatskills or Mount Washington, while others, a smaller number, and more adventurous yet, will climb the Alps, and quote Byron at the chalet on Mont Blanc. But these excursions make sad inroads on the purse, and a very large number of the upper ten never stir away from the sphere of their household gods. The sufferings of these people during the summer solstice are, like Elia's fat woman, intolerable. No fugitives from justice ever endure a harder incarceration. Their houses are hermetically sealed and even the police notified that the family is "not at home!" Their meals are procured by stealth; and the wondering watchman, who sits upon the midnight doorstep, hearing strange noises, muffled footsteps on the stairs, doors cautiously shut and opened, either concludes that burglars are prevalent, and makes a most unwelcome irruption into the heart of the mystery, or else that the domicil he guards is haunted—for a belief in haunted houses has returned with the era of spiritualism. How wearily pass the days with these voluntary prisoners—the slaves of fashion! How they long for the returning tide of emigrants, to enable them to acknowledge the city and emerge from their confinement! If all this be not true, it is good enough to be true—and certainly fashion has exacted sacrifices more cruel yet.

SHORT AND SWEET.—We hate long stories. There's nothing like coming to the point at once when you have good or bad news to communicate. When Suwarrow, the famous Russian partizan, then only a general, took Warsaw by storm, he announced it to his imperial mistress in these words: "Hurrah! Warsaw! Suwarrow!" To which Catherine replied: "Hurrah! Field Marshal Suwarrow! Catherine!"

COMPLIMENTARY.—The Duchess of Devonshire used to say that the most flattering compliment she ever received was from an Irish coalheaver, in the streets of London, who said: "Will your ladyship's honor let me light me pipe at your ladyship's bright eyes?"

CRITICISM.—A newspaper critic says of a picture, "the delicacy of the greens is brought out with great effect." Punch thinks the lady who painted it must have studied the cook-book and practised on spinach.

A CUBAN PARDONED.—Felix, who was implicated with Estrampes in a revolutionary movement in Havana, and sentenced to the galleys by the authorities, has been pardoned by the queen of Spain.

SMALL THINGS.—Irving tells us that Washington was careful of small things, while attending to great. Not a man ever achieved a great name or a great fortune without doing the same.

BURIED AT LAST.—The remains of Madame Sontag (Countess Rossi) were buried on the 24 ult., in the Convent of Marientchel, near Dresden, in which her younger sister is a nun.

PRESENT ARMS!—There is a new military company in New York, called the City Tigers. Our "Bengals" should give them a fraternal growl.

SEAMEN.—As is usual at this season of the year, seamen are very scarce, and crews for European ports are procured with difficulty.

BALLOU'S PICTORIAL DRAWING-ROOM COMPANION,

NUMBER ONE OF VOLUME ELEVEN.

The new volume of the Pictorial commences with a deeply interesting novelette, entitled "The Gipsey's Secret: or, The League of Guilt," by the author of "The Contraband," one of the most popular stories we have ever issued.

"JUNE," a poem by Mrs. R. T. ELDRIDGE.
"The Mutiny at Spithead: or, Jack Tar as a Gentleman," a story by FREDERICK W. FAIRHOLT.
"Speak Kindly," stanzas by BLANCHE D'ANTOINE.
"Hints in Housekeeping," by Mrs. E. WILLMONT.
"I'll come again to thee," verses by J. M. FLETCHER.
"Life Scenes long ago," a tale by Mrs. MARY MAYNARD.
"The Hunter's Morning Serenade," by FRANK FREELOVE.
"Battle of the Brandywine: or, The Blue Hen's Chickens," a story by Rev. PERLEY POORE.
"Lost," verses by IRENE MONTAGUE.
"Anmolean in San Francisco: or, A Night in a Gambling House," a tale by FREDERICK STANSBURY.

ILLUSTRATIONS.

The Armorial Bearings of the State of Delaware, another of Billings's beautiful delineations.

A series of views illustrative of life at the gold-diggings in Australia, giving a view of Gold Diggers on the March; a Group of Miners; a Stampede of Wild Cattle; and a characteristic Specimen of Bush Rangers.

A large representation of Court and Tremont Streets, Boston, with a view of the New Iron Building on Court Street.

Scenes in the Holy Land, or a View of the Land of Edom, and a picture of the City of Nazareth.

Portrait of James T. Fields, the poet, of the House of Ticknor & Fields, Boston.

Representation of the New Capitol of Kansas, at Lecompton City.

A whole page view of Equestrian Feats, by the American Brothers, the Lavater Lee Family, and James Robinson, the clown of Spalding & Rogers's Circus, in his daring horseback performances.

*** The Pictorial is for sale at all the Periodical Depots in the United States, at six cents a copy.

☞ One copy of THE FLAG, and one copy of the PICTORIAL, when taken together, for $4.00 per annum.

Foreign Items.

A bill is before Parliament to abolish the clandestine marrying at Gretna Green.

Excursion trips to St. Petersburg, 125 f. per head, are being organized in Paris.

Charles Mozart, son of the great composer, and now an old man, lives at Milan in great destitution.

Austria is about to offer to the Emperor Napoleon the ashes of the Duke de Reichstadt for interment beside his father in the Invalides.

The coronation of the Emperor Alexander is fixed for the 24th of August. It will be in conformity with the preceding ceremonial of the same nature.

The king of Prussia, it is said, has invited Napoleon III. to visit Berlin this summer, and meet there the Emperor Alexander and Ferdinand Joseph.

The Scotch coal-owners, obstructed in their operations by strikes, are turning their attention to the American "Excavator," by means of which coal is "hewed."

A monument is to be erected to Alexander Wilson, the most able writer upon North American ornithology, in his native place of Paisley, Scotland, during the present summer.

Out of the one hundred and twenty American oaks thirty-five years old, which were planted last year on the *Quai des Tuileries*, in Paris, eighty-seven are now green and flourishing; the rest (thirty-three) are dead.

There having recently been announced in the French papers various extravagant lottery and railway schemes, a notice has been sent by the Minister of the Interior to the various editors to pay the greatest attention to such insertions, and only to publish the same after due inquiry as to their correctness.

Dewdrops of Wisdom.

Business is like architecture—its best supporters are full columns (vide newspapers).

Time is the only commodity or gift, of which every man that lives has an equal share.

In private, we must watch our thoughts; in the family, our tempers; in company, our tongues.

The only praise that ought to be relied on comes from competent judges without temptation to flatter.

Writers often multiply words, in the vain attempt to make clear to others what is not clear to themselves.

Honors and great employments are great burthens, and must require an Atlas to support them. He that would govern others, first should be the master of himself.

Politeness is nothing more than an elegant and concealed species of flattery, tending to put the person to whom it is addressed in good humor and respect with himself.

The art of conversation consists much less in your own abundance than in enabling others to find talk for themselves. Men do not wish to admire you: they want to please.

Man doubles all the evils of his fate by pondering over them; a scratch becomes a wound, a slight or an injury a jest an assault, a small peril a great danger; and a slight illness often ends in death by brooding apprehensions.

Whoever feels pain in hearing a good character of his neighbor, will feel a pleasure in the reverse. And those who despair to rise in distinction by their virtues, are happy if others can be depressed to a level with themselves.

When I praise a man that sensibility is the characteristic of goodness of heart with mediocrity of talent, I make an effort of which few men are capable. For if ever nature created a heart of sensibility, you know well that it is mine.

Joker's Budget.

"Stirring times," as the hasty pudding said to the spoon.

A little girl describes a snake as "a thing that's a tail all the way up to his head."

What Roman general do the ladies ask for in leap year? Marius (marry us).

The quickest way to acquire a knowledge of "tanning," is to insult a prize fighter's wife.

In Canada they boil everything for greens, beginning with mullen leaves, and leaving off with the window blinds.

If "cleanliness is necessary to godliness," the morals of the New York street inspectors must be at a very low ebb.

Why is the young Prince of Algiers like the hind quarter of a beef? Because he is the least tony part (least Bontaparte).

Ladies are like watches—pretty enough to look at—sweet faces and delicate hands, but somewhat difficult to "regulate" when set "a going."

It is thought that the Brutus who slew Cæsar was some relation to the Crow Family, for in his speech to the populace he opens with, "Hear me for my *caws!*"

"Well, Annie, how did you get along with that stupid fool of a lover of yours? Did you succeed in getting rid of him?" "O, yes! I got rid of him very easily. I married him, and have no lover now."

"How will your county go this year?" asked a zealous politician of a Dutch voter in Pennsylvania. "Vell, can't tell mooch," replied the simple Dutchman, "de man vot tell us how to vote has not been round yet."

Quill and Scissors.

The Mormons are experiencing hard times at Salt Lake. Food is so scarce that beggary from door to door is as common as in our Atlantic cities. Brigham Young denounces the practice as likely to be an imposture, though he says where any of the saints have gone *five days* without food they ought to make their wants known. Rather a task for a man to support ninety wives in a country where food is so scarce.

It has been estimated that over 400,000 Colt's revolvers have been turned out at the manufactory in Hartford. Of these, over one-third have been sold in California. The United States have been furnished with 6000. About 2000 are annually sold in New York city, by jobbers and the retail trade.

The protracted trial of William Palmer, in England, for the murder of John C. Cook, by strychnine, has been brought to a close. The prisoner is found guilty, and has been sentenced to death. This trial excited an unusual amount of interest in all classes of the community.

The Franklin Lodge of Odd Fellows, at Philadelphia, have had a statue of Franklin made, to be placed in their lot in the Odd Fellows' Cemetery. The figure is six feet and two inches high, and represents the philosopher when about to be presented at the French court.

The revenue of Canada for 1856 is estimated at six millions of dollars, leaving an anticipated surplus revenue of eight hundred thousand dollars, with which it is proposed to pay the guaranteed interest on the Grand Trunk, Huron, Erie and Ontario railroad debentures.

The Charleston (S. C.) Mercury tells of a fishing party who, in the immediate neighborhood of the city wharves, caught seven sharks with hook and line, and saw five others which they did not catch. The caught were between nine and ten feet long each.

The San Francisco papers contain an obituary announcing the death of Y. Turig (Chinaman), who, it appears, in the absence of other virtues, was "favorably known by the length of his tail, width of his breeches and extraordinary height of his shoes."

A disease has appeared in France among the tomatoes, both vines and fruit turning black. The remedy is to dissolve two drachms of sulphate of iron in two quarts of water, and sprinkle the vines every few days with the mixture.

It is said that in the town of Boylston, Mass., which is situated about a dozen miles from Worcester, there is no religious society of any denomination. This is probably the only instance of the kind in the Commonwealth.

Prince Napoleon, now not much wanted in France by the Emperor Napoleon, has received permission—equivalent to a command—to depart on a scientific expedition to Spitzbergen. This shows some coolness.

The British government is about to present Sweden with one or two of the recently constructed gun-boats as a model for the building of a Swedish flotilla of the same description.

The legitimist who procured the treaty for the English and Belgian journals, is to be tried in the Police Correctional Court on a charge of conspiring to steal government papers.

The Rev. Mr. Littlejohn's church, in New Haven, have assumed the entire expense for a year to come, of a missionary now on his way to Kansas from Connecticut.

It appears by recent advices from England that five "Regiments of the Line," recently in the Crimea, are to be sent to Canada. These regiments are all veterans.

Thompson's patent graduating life-preserving seats, for the use of sailing vessels and steamers, are coming into general use, and we hope they will be universally adopted.

Red astrachan apples, perfectly ripe and beautiful, were taken from his own tree, about thirty miles from Mobile, on the 25th of May, by the editor of the Advertiser.

Professor Conrad of Wittemberg College, in the State of Ohio, estimates the number of Germans, or descendants of Germans, in the United States, at about $4,000,000.

About $80,000 worth of boots and shoes were made in Duxbury, Mass., the past year, and yet there is not a single manufacturer there.

The People's Theatre in Cincinnati was entirely destroyed by fire on the 13th ult., with eight other buildings, chiefly dwellings.

The Western papers state that the rivers in that section of the Union are falling rapidly, rendering navigation extremely difficult.

A Liverpool (N. S.) paper says that the military force to be stationed at Halifax this summer will number 3000 men.

The most incessant writer in the world is he who is always bound to *Ad-a-line.*

Marriages.

In this city, by Rev. Dr. Huntington, Mr. Edward S. Dane to Miss Emma C. Blaney.
By Rev. Mr. Miner, Mr. E. Turner Barrett to Miss Marion R. Richards.
By Rev. Mr. Streeter, Mr. Joseph C. Harrington to Miss Clara E. Goodwin.
By Rev. Mr. Winkley, Mr. Albert Chandler, of Charlestown, to Mrs. Louana Hobart.
By Rev. Mr. Coolidge, Mr. Leavitt Humphrey, Jr., of San Francisco, to Miss Sarah C. Blanchard.
At Charlestown, by Rev. Mr. Ellis, Mr. Edward A. Abbott, of Concord, N. H., to Miss Mary E. Thompson.
At Cambridge, by Rev. Dr. Pryor, Mr. Robert F. Stroun, of Washington, Pa., to Miss Ann M. J. Greenleaf.
At Melrose, Mr. Joseph W. Bartlett to Miss Elizabeth Dwinnell.
At Wilmington, Mr. Thomas Lewis, aged 69, to Miss Ottelia A. Fredericks, 19, both of Boston.
At Salem, by Rev. Mr. Adams, Mr. Payson W. Peterson to Miss Martha P. Bigelow.
At Marblehead, by Rev. Mr. Bailey, Mr. Thomas B. Stone to Miss Margaret F. Dall.
At Gloucester, by Rev. Mr. Rogers, Mr. Edward L. Rowe to Miss Eleanor W. Lane.
At Taunton, by Rev. Mr. Pollard, Mr. John S. Deane, of Berkley, to Miss Mary D. Williams.
At Southbridge, by Rev. Mr. Parker, Mr. E. M. Cole to Miss Matilda Macey.
At Clinton, by Rev. Mr. Winchester, Mr. Edward M. Miner, of Boston, to Miss Emily Burnett, of New York. Also, Mr. Robert Lyman, of Northfield, to Miss Sarah C. Miner, of Boston.

Deaths.

In this city, Fitzhenry Homer, Esq., 57; Mr. Josiah Willard, 77; Mrs. Elizabeth L. Read, 44; Mr. Francis Daniel, 37; Mrs. Mary Bowen, 72; Mr. Abel Kendall, 56; Mrs. Sarah B. Moore, 72; Mrs. Angelina O. Plummer, 29; Mrs. Emily K. Haven, 30.
At Roxbury, Mr. Jesse Mair, 19.
At Dorchester, William Richardson, Esq., 62.
At Cambridgeport, Mrs. Martha A. Brooks, 33.
At Jamaica Plain, Mr. William Jemerson, 81; Mrs. Eliza Hallet, 70.
At Brighton, Mrs. Sarah Ann Ivers, of Cambridge, 23.
At Somerville, Mr. William F. Freeman, 32.
At Watertown, Mrs. Sarah Appleton Clark Fuller, 26.
At Dedham, Mr. Edwin Johnson, 31.
At Cohasset, Caleb Lincoln, Esq., 77.
At Salem, Miss Rebecca Bowditch, 55; Mrs. Hannah W. Bowditch, 34; Miss Mary Elizabeth Sheiden, 24.
At Hingham, Mr. Loring Cushing, 77.
At Lowell, Miss Abigail Parker, 60. Miss Ann Grace Livermore, 43.
At Ipswich, Widow Sarah Byers, late of Andover.
At Newburyport, Mrs. E. J., wife of Horace Richford, Esq., 37.
At Georgetown, Mrs. Derby Moores, 78.
At Taunton, Mr. Daniel Pemberry, 70.
At Worcester, Mr. Thomas Grady, 32; Mrs. Dolly Chamberlain, 68; Mrs. Emily W. Johnson, 55.
At Bradford, Philemon Barnes, Esq., 75.
At Athol, Elizabeth Thorpe, Esq., 78.
At Amesbury, Mrs. Sarah Thom, late of Newburyport, 85.
At Canaan, Conn., Mr. Edmond Deming, a revolutionary pensioner, 92.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

IN WANT OF A SUBJECT.

BY FRED. W. SAUNDERS.

[This bit of nonsense crept into the package of manuscript I send you, by mistake; I did not perceive it until the messenger had gone with it. Please excuse the oversight.]

I'm in want of a subject to write on;
I have been in the same way before.
When I've had the luck something to light on,
But now I'm completely ashore;
What a bore!
'Tis provoking, to say nothing more.

Save the ship news, the markets at Brighton,
And items we've read o'er and o'er,
Of a monstrous sea-serpent or Triton—
The papers are blank as my floor,
And what's more,
For an idea you'll vainly explore.

People talk but of those who are right on
The "goose question," famous of yore,
And how this man or that puts a slight on
Some adverse political blower;
Or roar
That they'll vote but for Millard Fillmore.

O, could I but once take a flight on
The steed that all poets adore,
Never fear but I'd hold myself tight on,
Till we stood at Parnassus' front door;
I'd soar
Where rhymester ne'er floundered before.

But that is impossible,—quite on
The borders of mythical lore;
Pegasus has not been caught sight on,
Since Homer the Styx paddled o'er
A score
Of centuries ago—perhaps more.

No! I clearly can't scribble a mite on
The subject of Charon the rower,
Who ferried dead gentlemen quite on
To the unpleasant Stygian shore,
With his oar,
To come back, as Poe said, "nevermore."

Ah, I have it! the theme that I'll write on
Shall be love—strange I thought not before
So novel a subject to light on;
So here goes—for 'twas never a bore—
This sweet lore—
Since creation paired off with old Noah.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

BELLA CARLTON'S ROMANCE.

BY MARY L. MEANY.

Of all villages on earth, Clairville was the most uniformly dull and stupid, Miss Bella Carlton was wont to remark at least once every day; and in truth, most persons, save its inhabitants, would have heartily coincided in her opinion—its citizens, for the most part, being comfortable farmers and tradespeople, having little leisure and less inclination for the refined habits of city life. There were no "great people," no college youths or boarding school misses, and our poor Bella, whose admiration for statesmen, heroes, and great men of all kinds, was unbounded, looked in vain for an embryo Webster or Scott among the village beaux, who, on account of her beauty or her fortune, would gladly have established themselves in her good graces.

Bella was an orphan, and after her parents' decease became the ward of her maternal uncle, a good old farmer, residing near Clairville. Mr. Williams willingly assumed the charge, though much regretting that he could not keep so strict a watch over his young niece, as he did of her pecuniary affairs—it having been expressly ordered in her father's will that his daughter should remain at a New England boarding-school, to which she had been lately sent, until the completion of her sixteenth year. The uncle and aunt, who had old-fashioned notions on the subject of boarding-schools, as well as all others, were obliged to submit, after expressing their sad misgivings that the child would be made conceited and good-for-nothing; but the period to which they were anxiously looking forward came at last, and brought Bella to her western home, a bright-looking, accomplished, refined and romantic young lady. Of course she was immeasurably surprised at the sort of people among whom her lot was now cast. Naturally of an affectionate disposition when romance did not interfere with its manifestations, she appreciated the attachment of her rustic relatives, but their friends—she curled her pretty lip scornfully at the idea of *her* associating with them, and wrote long and pathetic letters to her confidante, Lizzie Allan, of Connecticut, bemoaning her hard destiny in being obliged to dwell in the midst of semi-barbarians. How should she exist during the dreary interval that must elapse ere she should be of age and at liberty to flee from the horrible spot forever? So weeks and months passed slowly away, and nearly a year had elapsed, when a circumstance occurred that gave to her wild imagination.

There were rumors that a dreadful railroad accident had occurred in the vicinity of Clairville. Several of the hospitably inclined inhabitants went forth to offer such aid as might be required by the sufferers, and among the number, old Mr. Williams, or, as he was familiarly called by the neighbors, Uncle Joshua. He returned with the glad news that few of the passengers were injured, and all were now able to continue their journey except one gentleman, Walter Stanborne, of ——, whose bruises were of so serious a nature that the village doctor had brought him to his own house that he might have every needful care. Bella's color came and went as she listened to this intelligence. Walter Stanborne, the greatest man of his State, her faithful legislator and bold champion—he, of whom Bella had heard and read so much during her sojourn in the east, though the benighted people of Clairville never mentioned his name—that *he* should be now domiciled in the village was indeed cause for self-gratulation.

Old Doctor Worthington became invested with new dignity from the association: life was bright before her now; for was not her destiny about to be accomplished? A sudden thought clouded her bright fancies. What if he were already married? But no—it could not be. He had been reserved for her; fate had brought him thus strangely near one who could appreciate his talents and glory in his fame; and fate having kindly done this much for our heroine, she was not one to forego the advantage. Uncle Joshua was now the unconscious instrument to forward his niece's secret plan; each day he called on his old friend the doctor to inquire after his patient, and one morning was shown into the presence of Mr. Stanborne, who was now able to sit up, and return thanks to his visitor for his kind interest in a stranger, in simple but evidently sincere language, that touched the old farmer's heart, and secured for the invalid his lasting esteem. On taking leave, moreover, the doctor jocosely observed that he was intending to take his patient out for a short drive on the morrow, when he would have an opportunity of returning Mr. Williams's visits.

Bella's ecstacy at this information was unbounded. For the first time she assisted her aunt in putting the house in order; then the garden was shorn of some of its choicest flowers, with which Bella tastefully decorated the sitting-room, so that as her admiring relatives declared it did not look a bit as it used to; and to crown all, she insisted that her silver plate, which was all carefully locked up since it had come into her uncle's charge, should adorn their humble board; for of course, she argued, he would stay to tea, and the costly family plate would show that they were not to be classed with the vulgar, as from the appearance of the time-worn farm house, with its unpretending appliances, he might be led to imagine.

Her uncle laughed good-humoredly, but thought proper to warn his niece that she was taking a deal of pains for nothing; for Mr. Stanborne was himself only a farmer, as he had learned during their long conversation, which was almost entirely on agricultural matters, in which Mr. Stanborne was as much interested as he was himself; so he warned Bella against raising her expectations too high. But the gay girl only smiled to herself at the caution. Were not the greatest men of the nation farmers?—and why should she object to the gifted Stanborne's owning a farm, which might in time become as world-renowned as Ashland or Marshfield? So Bella beguiled the weary hours with pleasant visions till the doctor's carriage stopped at the gate, and Mr. Stanborne was received with friendly cordiality by Uncle Joshua, and presented to his wife and niece. The former, as she ever afterward averred, liked him the minute she set eyes on him; the latter, it must be confessed, was a little disappointed. The mild blue eyes, brown waving hair, and gentle, almost melancholy smile, were the exact opposites of the picture her fancy had drawn. But then he was graceful and polished in his manners, his voice was rich and musical, and when the conversation turned on her favorite theme, music, his face was lighted up with such striking expression and enthusiasm that she wondered how she could have imagined him so different, and forget her girlish passion for raven locks and starry eyes of midnight hue. The gentleman, on his part, seemed equally to admire his fair companion, and when at the close of the happily spent evening he took leave, Uncle Joshua's cordial invitation to come as often as he thought it worth while, was construed so literally that every day beheld him at the homestead, reading, talking or singing with Bella, or riding or walking with her through the shady groves and straggling streets of Clairville. So when, in little more than a month from their first meeting, it was rumored that Walter and Bella were engaged, all the good people averred it was no more than they had been expecting.

Bella had no little trouble in persuading her uncle and aunt to sanction this hasty engagement. True, they had made inquiries about the lover, which resulting in satisfying them that her affection was worthily bestowed; but then she was so young, and they seldom knew such hasty marriages to end well. But their niece pleaded, and pouted, and teased them into a reluctant consent. Walter was obliged to return home on business that required his immediate presence; he would be at Clairville again in a few weeks, and it was settled that a week from the day of his return the marriage should take place.

Who so happy now as Bella? She wrote to her beloved Lizzie Allan, informing her of the important event about to occur, keeping the name of the groom elect a profound secret, that she might have the greater surprise in store for Lizzie on her arrival in Clairville; and reminding her that, according to their parting agreement, she expected her to come on immediately that she might be bridesmaid.

Lizzie having readily won her parents' consent to the trip, joyfully obeyed her friend's summons. She joined a family of the name of Elton, who were about journeying westward, and soon found herself beneath the hospitable roof of Uncle Joshua's homestead. Her surprise and delight on learning that the bridegroom was no other than Walter Stanborne, the subject of so many school-day chats and reveries, were quite as great as Bella had anticipated. The gay *fiancee* had but one cloud to dim her bright horizon. She could not endure the thought of being married in the midst of a gaping, vulgar crowd, such as her uncle and aunt wished to invite to the wedding. The only genteel family in the place was Doctor Worthington's, and they, with some distant cousins, and the adjoining farmers, should alone be present. The old people, on the other hand, protested against slighting their numerous friends by such a proceeding, and as neither party would yield, the dispute was referred to the arbitration of Mr. Stanborne. To the chagrin of his betrothed, he supported Uncle Joshua's views: gently intimating to her the impropriety of opposing the declared wishes of her kind relatives on such an occasion, as well as of wounding the feelings and disappointing the reasonable expectation of their acquaintances. Bella pouted, but luckily remembering that her lover was the "man of the people," and obliged to court popular favor, if he would succeed in his ambitious career, she checked the petulant reply that had arisen to her lips. She had not, however, the smallest intention of yielding her own will on this occasion, and Lizzie being of precisely similar views, the two held a consultation, and at length determined to pay a visit to Bella's kindred in B——, and have the ceremony privately performed in church.

This plan delighted Bella, who was ever ready for anything savoring of "romance," so bidding "good-by for a few days" to her uncle and aunt, she departed with Lizzie for B——, which was only twenty miles distant from Clairville. They found Mrs. Stone—Bella's cousin—confined to her room by a slight indisposition, which she feared would prevent her from going to Clairville at the time named for the wedding. The young ladies of course said nothing of their secret arrangements, but allowed their hostess to suppose that they had come to town to do the necessary shopping for the occasion.

The next day, as they were sauntering through the principal street of B——, Lizzie, to her joyful surprise, met Mrs. Elton, with whom she had come from home. Mrs. Elton informed her that they were obliged to return to the east sooner than they had anticipated, and accordingly the following day they would proceed up the river to L——, whence the night train would convey them to Cincinnati.

"I declare, how everything favors our plan, Bella," said Lizzie, as the two retraced their way to Mrs. Stone. "We can start with them in the morning, and reach Cincinnati early the next day, and from thence to Mr. Stanborne's farm is—he has told me—only a few hours' drive. Nothing remains but to have the "knot tied" early to-morrow, and that shall be done, and no one be the wiser till we choose to divulge the secret."

And it was done; for the bridegroom elect calling at Mrs. Stone's that morning to see his affianced, was persuaded by the persevering Lizzie to consent against his better judgment to their scheme, and so after breakfast the trio drove to the house of a clergyman, with whom Walter was acquainted, and the ceremony being performed, they left B—— in the steamboat, in company with the Eltons, who, as well as Mrs. Stone, imagined that the two giddy girls merely proposed to bear them company to Cincinnati, whence they would return, under Mr. Stanborne's protection, to Clairville.

Late in the afternoon, the passengers landed at L——. Mr. Stanborne waited on the portico of the hotel to speak to an acquaintance whom he chanced to see, and the young ladies followed Mr. and Mrs. Elton to the ladies' parlor, where they would await the arrival of the cars, which were expected about ten o'clock. On entering the room soon after, Walter was surprised to find his bride half reclined on the sofa, apart from her friends and other ladies, who were beguiling the time by a pleasant chat. To his anxious inquiries, she replied that she felt rather fatigued, and wished to have a little rest before the arrival of the train. Walter looked somewhat disappointed, and said he had been intending to take her and Lizzie to a place where they would be much interested, and begged her to forget her fatigue, as they could go directly after supper, and have ample time to return by ten o'clock. But Bella was obstinate; she requested him to go himself to whatever amusement he referred to, as it would make her really unhappy to have him lose the anticipated pleasure on her account.

"You will not refuse me this reasonable request, Walter?" she added, looking up with that bewitching glance, whose power over her lover she well knew, and which answered her expectations by forcing from him a reluctant consent.

By Bella's desire, the little party had their tea served in the parlor, after which, according to his promise, Walter departed, with particular injunctions from his wayward bride to see and hear all he could, so that he might entertain them pleasantly during their night ride. The Eltons stepping out on the balcony, the room was for a moment deserted by all but Bella and Lizzie, when what was the latter's surprise to see her friend start up from her indolent posture, and throwing off at once the appearance of dullness or fatigue, approach her with sparkling eyes and radiant smile.

"O, I am almost wild with joy, Lizzie," she said, eagerly. "Just to think that Walter is going to address a political meeting here to-night! He wanted to take us, though he never said where—only to a place where he was sure we would be *interested*. I had no doubt of it; but I kept my secret as well as he did his."

"But how, then, did you discover it, Bella?"

"From this—I hid it as soon as I had seen the announcement." And she triumphantly drew from beneath the sofa cushion the evening paper, and pointed out a "call" for a mass meeting, ending with the (to her) important postscript, "We understand that 'the people's favorite,' Walter Stanborne, Esq., is expected to reach the city in time to address the meeting; this announcement is alone sufficient to insure a large attendance!"

"Is it not delightful, Lizzie?" said her companion, as she again feasted her bright eyes with the flattering lines.

"Not that we will be deprived of this treat through your nonsense; I for one want badly to hear this highly-lauded orator."

"And so you shall—and I, too. Didn't I tell you I wished to outwit Walter? He has been so careful never to make the slightest allusion to his political career, and I have been equally cautious not to introduce the subject. Besides, I thought it might put some of his eloquent ideas to flight to have charge of us. But do you ask Mrs. Elton to get her husband to take us all to the meeting, and he will be so surprised—though I hope he wont see me till the conclusion of his speech."

Away went Lizzie to execute her commission, and in a very few minutes the party were seated in a car, which quickly conveyed them to the hall where the meeting was to be held. It was densely crowded, and Mr. Elton had some difficulty in procuring places for his companions among the "seats reserved for ladies." Bella, much to her satisfaction, was so placed that she could screen herself at will from the observation of the speakers.

"See," she whispered to Lizzie, holding up a beautiful bouquet of tea roses, moss buds and mignonette, "I have taken his favorite flowers from the bouquets that Walter gave us this evening; and when he makes his parting bow to the audience, I shall throw it so as to attract his notice, and *then* he shall see me, not before. *Wont* he be surprised!" And the gay creature's bloom was heightened by the pleasant anticipations of her bounding heart.

The meeting was called to order, and the president chosen made a few apposite remarks as a preparation for the mental feast that was to follow. There were a number of gentlemen on the platform, but Bella's eyes moved vainly in quest of the well-known form. Several, however, were partially concealed from view by the folds of the flags with which the stand was festooned, and among these of course must be her gifted Walter. "It was so like him, to shrink from the observation of the multitude, while others, with less of his talents, but abundant self-conceit, put themselves forward for applause."

Thus thinking, Bella gave little heed to the president's address, and it seemed that all present partook of her sentiments; for a sort of impatient patience was visible as they listened; and when he concluded, the responsive cheers were changed to calls for "Stanborne! Stanborne!" till the room echoed with the name Bella thought so beautiful. Forgetful of her resolution, she bent eagerly forward to see him advance. She saw him not; but a gentleman, who had hitherto occupied the most conspicuous position, came forward and bent low before the crowd, who grew more and more excited in their tumultuous greeting. Bella wondered why Walter had not come forward, since it was surely his name that had been repeated, when, to increase her bewilderment, one of the throng not yet satisfied with shouting, called for "three cheers for Walter Stanborne, the man of the people," which were given with deafening energy, while the fairer portion of the crowd, carried away by the enthusiasm of the moment, tossed their flowery offerings at the feet of the popular idol. All save Bella; lost in a maze of perplexing thoughts, she sat motionless, as if suddenly turned to stone. "How came this man to be greeted as Walter Stanborne?" she thought herself or the audience bewitched; and it was not till the soothing tones of the carefully modulated voice, in which the speaker expressed his appreciation of the reception he had met with from those before whom he had the honor to appear, fell upon her bewildered senses with a sweet, persuasive influence, that she was sufficiently composed to turn to Lizzie for an explanation, which that young lady was equally at a loss for. Thinking, however, that she might have mistaken the man, Lizzie asked a lady near her if the speaker's name was Stanborne.

"Yes—Walter Stanborne—member of the legislature of —— State," was the prompt reply.

Bella overheard the answer, which only increased her perplexity; but in a few moments her attention was wholly absorbed by the speaker, who, with his massive dark locks sweeping back from his bold brow, and eyes, whose fiery glances gave additional effect to the strain of invective in which his speech mainly consisted, was really the Walter Stanborne of her imagination; and she listened, entranced, spell-bound, until the orator had ceased. With a sigh of strangely mingled feelings, she withdrew her eyes from the platform, and they fell upon a neglected bouquet in her lap. She half rose, as if from a sudden impulse, and threw it so dexterously that it fell upon the desk close by the speaker's hand, as amid a wild burst of applause he was turning from the scene of homage. The other ladies having, as we have said, offered their floral gifts at his first appearance, Bella's enjoyed the pre-eminence of being as it were a balmy offering of thanks for his "sublime effort;" and so the man interpreted it; for gallantly raising it to his lips, he bowed with a smiling glance towards the fair donor, and bore it in his hand as he returned to his former seat.

"O, Bella, how could you," said Lizzie, reproachfully, "when you intended that bouquet for Mr. Stanborne!"

"And Mr. Stanborne has received it," said Bella, haughtily. "Come, let us go, that we may be in time for the cars."

In a few moments our party were again at the house. As they were handed from the cab, the gentleman whom Walter had recognized on his arrival stepped from the portico to assist them, smilingly remarking that he supposed they, like the rest of the world, had been attracted to the meeting by the fame of Mr. Stanborne's eloquence.

"Yes," replied Mr. Elton; "but I was quite disappointed, as when Walter Stanborne was called for I expected to see the gentleman in whose company we travelled to day."

"A natural mistake; they are cousins—both named for their grandfather, from whom each inherited a fine farm in —— county."

Bella lingered behind her companions to hear this much; it was enough, and hastening into the parlor, she exclaimed bitterly to her friend Lizzie against the deception that had been practised upon her.

"But I cannot understand it at all," said Lizzie.

Bella repeated the explanation that she had overheard.

"O, that accounts for it." And Lizzie looked greatly relieved. "Really, I had begun to fear that we were all duped by a cunning impostor."

"And so we were," said Bella, excitedly. "He has shamefully deceived me; but I know him now."

She rang for writing materials, and hastily penned a few lines to her newly-wedded husband, to the purport that she had married him under a mistake, and having discovered it, now was under the necessity of requesting that she might never see him more. The past would long haunt her as an unpleasant dream; but she forgave the deception which, perhaps unconsciously, he had practised upon her, on condition of his yielding to the demand she now made. The letter was duly signed Bella Carlton, and hastily sealed and directed; for the bustle going on around warned her that the train was at hand. Greatly to her relief, Walter was not in sight as she hurried down with the others to take her seat in the car. She did not know that he had entered the parlor, and observing her occupation had imagined she was writing to her guardian respecting her clandestine marriage. Receiving from Mr. Elton an assurance that he would see that the ladies would be in readiness for the train as it neared the hotel, Walter went down to have the trunks which the two girls had brought with them, placed in the baggage car.

Just as the cars were about starting, Walter appeared on the platform about mounting to the one in which he saw Lizzie, when, calling to him from the window not to come in, she handed him Bella's letter. The post-office being but a few paces distant, he imagined that Bella wished him to deposit the letter therein, and he was accordingly stepping quickly forward when, chancing to look at the letter, he saw his own name instead of that of Mr. and Mrs. Williams, as he had expected. Recognizing the writing, he tore it open and read the contents in blank amazement. His name was called from the cars as the bell tolled its final warning, but he heeded it not, and ere he could comprehend the nature of the startling missive in his hand, the train was far off in the distance. He looked after it with rising indignation as the truth flashed upon him that he had been taken for the gifted and renowned cousin, of whose existence he had thought little; for ignorant, and to whose eloquence he had intended to make her a listener, thinking that she would be both surprised and pleased to hear of the relationship. If *she* imagined herself deceived in the object of her choice, he thought he, with more justice, must consider himself deceived by one whose very wilfulness and childlike petulance he had deemed evidences of her utter guilelessness and simplicity, yet whose affection he now plainly perceived was prompted only by vanity and ambition to be the wife of a distinguished man.

Indulging these thoughts, he returned to the hotel and awaited the arrival of the next day's train from Cincinnati, expecting that it would bring his runaway bride on her way home to Clairville. Disappointed in this, he could form no better plan than to return to Uncle Joshua's and acquainting the worthy couple of all that had occurred, await there the appearance of Bella, whose speedy return was confidently looked for. Conscious that he deserved their displeasure in having consented to the clandestine measures proposed by Lizzie, it was not without embarrassment that he appeared before them; but all feelings, save those of regret and anxiety, were forgotten by them, as they listened to the narration, and with heavy hearts awaited tidings of their wayward niece.

But where, meantime, was our heroine? Mr. Elton, whose voice it was that had called to Walter as the train was leaving the station, imagined that the letter he saw him reading prevented his accompanying them, and felt much concern about his two young companions as they neared the "Queen City."

"Don't be alarmed for us, Mr. Elton," said Lizzie Allan, smiling on her esteemed old friend. "We are quite capable of taking good care of our precious selves as we retrace our way to Clairville."

"Not so," said her companion, decisively. "If Mr. and Mrs. Elton have no objection to such volatile companions, we will even bear them company all the way to the east."

"Why, Miss Carlton!" "Why, Bella!" exclaimed Mrs. Elton and Lizzie.

"Ah, I see—I see!" said good-natured Mrs Elton. "A lover's quarrel!—or is our 'fair ladye' mortified by Mr. Stanborne's cavalier desertion? But you must not think of that, Miss Bella; for he will be able to explain his conduct satisfactorily at your next meeting, I know. We men are strange beings, and are very apt to postpone the claims of gallantry to those of business."

The old gentleman continued to banter and advise by turns; but Bella, young and apparently childlike as she was, could never be deterred from her purposes by persuasion or argument, therefore she carried out her intention of travelling eastward with the Eltons. All she regretted in so doing, she told Lizzie, was that *her* visit to the west should have so sudden and disagreeable a termination; but Lizzie was too unselfishly attached to her friend to experience much regret on this account. Bella wrote to her guardians a full account of what had taken place, and imploring them not to be angry at her intention of spending some time away from them—as at Clairville she would be liable to see Mr. Stanborne, whom she was resolved should be henceforth as a stranger in her regard. She requested them also to send her trunks along with Lizzie Allan's, to the residence of the latter, through whom they would often hear from her, although she did not purpose remaining long at her home.

This letter relieved the trio at the farm house of anxiety respecting the wanderer, at the same time it caused them fresh grief. They determined, however, to let her have her own way—good Aunt Williams assuring her husband and Walter that all would come right in the end; and the sooner for giving her no opposition in her plans. All was done, therefore, according to her wishes, and Walter returned to his farm, having first, at Uncle Joshua's suggestion, called on the clergyman, who had performed the inauspicious bridal, and confiding to him the whole affair, requested that the secret might rest with him, and a student in the ministry who had been witness to the ceremony. This was readily agreed to, as being, under the circumstances, the wisest course. Bella's unexpected trip to the east was for a time discussed by the gossips of Clairville; but they agreed that it was no way surprising. "Sudden engagements like hers were often broken off, and her wilful disposition was too well known to allow anything being entirely at that she might take into her head to do."

More than a year passed by, uneventfully to Bella. She spent most of it at Lizzie's home, or with the Eltons, in Norwich. Mrs. Elton had been confidentially informed by Lizzie of the whole affair, and being one of those rarely-gifted persons who can give good advice, and point out one's error without giving offence, she was of great service to Bella in making her sensible of the dangerous tendency of the disposition she had fostered. Bella was now of age and in possession of her property; but she looked on life with a more sober eye than when she had been longing for the period of liberty as independence. Lizzie Allan, who was now a happy wife, longed to have her friend enjoying the domestic bliss of which she was now a partaker; and having really admired Walter Stanborne, whom she thought calculated to make Bella happy, even though he was not so famous as his gifted cousin, she had hopes that she would yet hear of their re-union; but she would not hint this to Bella, who always seemed pained by any allusion to the past.

The second year of Bella's absence from Clairville was nearly half spent, when one day, as she and Mrs. Elton were sitting together sewing, an elderly lady of the neighborhood entered. Aunt Dorothy, as she was familiarly called, was a woman of sound sense and much goodness of heart. She was invaluable in times of sickness or affliction to her neighbors, with whom she was a great favorite, notwithstanding her antiquated garment and her uncultivated use of her mother tongue. Having just returned from the West (where some property had been left to her that she had thought it best to look after in person), she was now making the round of her acquaintance, relating the various incidents connected with her journey. She spent the afternoon with Mrs. Elton, and after tea continued to detail her experience as she called it, having now another auditor in Mr. Elton.

"I want to tell you about one thing," she said suddenly; "I don't see how I came to forget that all along; and now I can't take time to tell it as I'd like to; for it's most time to stop. You see there's a chap there," (she was speaking of the city in which her western relatives resided), "that wants to pass for a great somebody but I guess before I was done with him, he felt rather small. He's a smart name, too—Walter Stanborne." Bella started and listened with dilated eyes. "And he's been to the legislature and dear knows where; and they do talk of sending him to Congress. Well, he had a farm, and a right fine farm too, they say, that was left to him by his grandfather; but of course he got to be grand to live in the country, so what does the gentleman do but sell out his land, and start a dry goods shop in town. A right smart-looking place 'tis too; but it seems he's pretty extravagant, and likes a good deal of money to spend so he put his wife to tend at one counter, so's to save the hire of a saleswoman. 'Now,' says I to cousin Nelly, 'I don't like that in a man that puts up to be so grand. Why isn't his wife too good to stand behind a counter if *he* is?' For you see cousin Nelly laughed when I asked her if he looked to the store himself. But everything is right with cousin Nelly and her husband that he does; they do set much store by that man. I told them it was downright wicked; for, says I, you make an idol of him; and Nelly's sister-in-law, Maggie, and a pretty and sensible girl too, I took her to be, she says, 'That's a fact cousin Dorothy—I am glad to find you on my side,'—for it seems she didn't like this great man; and all through the way he uses his wife. But I must hurry, or I sha'n't get done to-night.

"Well, cousin Nelly got some pretty gingham at his shop, and I thought before I came home I would go and get some like it. So Maggie, she went with me, and I suppose the boys and girls that help Mrs. Stanborne with the business, were gone to dinner, for she was all by herself. Maggie told her who I was, and we had a right pleasant time together; for she and Maggie are great friends, and I thought her a right clever nice woman, too. When she matched the sample I had got from Nelly, and I asked the price, she told me two cents more on the yard than Nelly paid. Maggie told her so, for she was along when 'twas bought; but it was the great man himself that sold it to them, and maybe he sold it too low while he was making himself so agreeable. But Mrs. Stanborne, she said what ever price my cousin had got it for would do; so she measured it, and there wasn't much more than I wanted, so I took it all.

"Just then, who should step in but Mr. Stanborne himself. He went right behind the counter, and took some money out of the drawer and then he looked to see what his wife was about. He didn't see Maggie, for she had gone to look at some goods on the other side, and there was a great pile of calicoes between them; so as he didn't see any one but his wife and a plain body like me, he didn't mind showing what he was. He stood looking on while his wife was tying up the gingham, and when she began to count up the price, he spoke as short and huffy as could be.

"'That gingham is twenty-two cents a yard; how came you to charge only twenty?'

"'A friend of this lady's bought it here for that price, and she of course will give no more,' said his wife.

"'It is not so,' he returned, firing up. 'Twas never bought for less than twenty-two cents, unless you sold it; and I don't see that any one could be stupid enough to misunderstand the marks after having them explained so often as you have.'

"All the while he kept looking at his wife as if he could half-kill her, he was so mad; and she never said a word, but seemed as if 'twas all she could do to keep from bursting out a-crying.

"So you may think I was about as mad as himself, and says I, 'Look here, mister, I want to know if you never sold that stuff yourself for twenty cents?'

"'No—I never did,' he said, quite firm-like.

"'Well,' says I, 'I wasn't here myself when you did, but here's a young lady that was.' And with that I called to Maggie Herbert to come forward and say which of us was right.

"I wish you could have seen him when he set eyes on Maggie; the creature didn't know which way to look, and he colored up redder than he was before. Then when she in her soft, pretty way reminded him of the time he sold it to her sister, he kind of forced himself to smile and look pleasant; and says he, 'O, I remember now; Mrs. Herbert was purchasing a great deal.

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"'It isn't *my* pardon you ought to ask, but your wife's, for speaking to her in such a shameful way; and I wouldn't take the stuff that you raged in such a way about, if you'd give it all to me for a cent. I s'pose,' says I, 'you thought because I didn't look as if I belonged to the Herberts and such grand people, that you might talk to her as you liked before *me;* but there's one thing you've got to learn yet, great man as you are, that whoever makes little of his wife, even if it is before a nigger, makes less of himself, and only shows what he is by nature.'

"You never see a man so cut up; for you know he durstn't say anything back before Maggie; so I bought a few little things, such as cotton and needles, from Mrs. Stanborne, so's not to make her feel bad, and then we came away. Maggie was so tickled she'd burst right out laughing every time she'd think of it; but cousin Nelly was mad; for says she, 'Dorothy, I don't know what he can think of you.' Says I, 'He can't think a bit worse of me than I think of him; and if you'd all let him know how despisable he makes himself when he uses his poor wife as you all say he does, maybe it would have a good effect.'"

Aunt Dorothy having concluded her long story, donned her bonnet, and escorted by Mr. Elton, proceeded home. Mrs. Elton playfully rallied Bella on her thoughtlessness when they were left alone, but her mind was too much disturbed by recollections which Aunt Dorothy had unconsciously awakened, and unable to repress tears of mortification and regret for her past folly, she retired to indulge them in solitude. Mrs. Elton, who had long been aware of the gradual change in sentiments which was taking place in her guest, had a long conversation with her husband, the result of which was a letter to Uncle Joshua, which, averse as they were to travelling, induced him and his wife to set out for Connecticut, where they were received with joyful surprise by their niece. Of course they could not remain long, and of course Bella must be their companion in their homeward journey. Not many days after their return, by Uncle Joshua's contrivances, the two who were so strangely parted met again at the farm house. Both were embarrassed, but Walter's kind, considerate demeanor soon set Bella at ease, and neither frowned when the shrewd old uncle, detaining Walter's hand as he was bidding goodby, and taking Bella captive by his other broad palm, said, "I want to say something to you youngsters. You were in such an amazing hurry with your courtship that you were ready to promise 'for better or worse,' without as much knowing whether you were intended for each other or not. Now suppose you take a reasonable time to get acquainted and to think what you are about, and maybe you can marry without having to run away."

Bella's next birthday saw a large and happy wedding party assembled at the old homestead. The fair bride, with her better sense of "persons and things," made no objection this time to her uncle's rustic friends, and not a cloud dimmed the happiness of the now truly loving pair as the same clergyman who had performed the ill-starred private marriage united his favorite Walter to one now conscious of the value of the prize she had twice won, amid the smiles and good wishes of her admiring friends.

CURIOUS HABITS OF MACKEREL.

The habits of these fish are very peculiar; and although they have been taken in immense numbers for three quarters of a century, their habits are not well understood. They often move in immense bodies, apparently filling the ocean for miles in extent. They are found near the surface. Sometimes they will take the hook with the greatest eagerness; at other times, not a mackerel will bite for days, although millions of them are visible in the water. When they are in the mood for taking the bait, ten, twenty, and even thirty barrels, are taken by a single vessel in a few hours. They usually bite most freely soon after sunrise in the morning, and toward sunset at evening. They all cease to bite about the same time, as if they were actuated by a common impulse. They are easily frightened, and will then descend into deep water. It has often happened that a fleet of vessels has been lying off the cape, say a mile or two from shore, in the midst of a school of mackerel, and taking them rapidly upon their decks, when the firing of a gun, or the blast of a rock, would send every mackerel fathoms deep into the water, as suddenly as though they had been converted into so many pigs of lead, and perhaps it would be some hours before they would re-appear. They are caught most abundantly near the shore, and very rarely out of sight of land.—*Daily Advertiser.*

ALGIERS.

The territory of Algeria occupies a length in Northern Africa of 700 miles from east to west, and of indefinite breadth from north to south, gradually merging into the domain of the mountain tribes, for its southern limits are traversed by ranges of the Atlas Mountains. The whole is divided into three provinces—Algiers, Oran and Constantine. A great portion of this country is distinguished by its natural fertility; yet the indolence of the people, the oppression of the government, the want of roads and interior communications, caused three-fourths of it to be left uncultivated, till, in 1830, it was entirely subjugated by the French; and now Europe is astonished at the extent of the products, indicative of the vast and unlimited resources of the country, as exhibited at the late exhibition at Paris.—*Salem Register.*

REAL DISCONTENT.

The following anecdote is related of Robert de Insulu, or Haileland, a man of low birth, and one of the bishops of Durham: Having given his mother an establishment suitable to his own rank, and asking her once, when he went to see her, how she fared, she answered:

"Never worse!"

"What troubles thee!" questioned the bishop; hast thou not men and women enough to attend thee?"

"Yea," quoth the old woman, "and more than enough! I say to one—go, and he runs; to another—come hither, fellow! and the varlet falls down on his knees; and in short, all things go on so abominably smooth that my heart is bursting for something to spite me and pick a quarrel with all!"—*Notes and Queries.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

AGNA.

BY HARRY VERNON.

Fair as the morning when winged it flies
From crimson-streaked ocean; fair as the rose
When its petals expand to the dew of the skies;
Fair as the spheres when Vesper forth hies,
Brilliant with glittering of heavenly pearls,
Is she, the chaste Agna, queen among girls!

Agna, this bright one, first I saw on the lawn,
Fronting the house of the old village school;
Here was she romping, romped as a fawn,
Singing as birds sing, gayly at dawn;
And as the zephyr blue, laughing it played,
Tossing her ringlets of bright auburn shade.

Fled have years, many too, phantom-like, close,
Following me ever, the young beauty clings.
When the morn dawns, when the eve glows,
When to the dew opes the red rose,
Forth springs the lovely shade, soft as a dove,
Singing as birds sing, singing of love!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE LAWSUIT.

BY MARY A. LOWELL.

Isabel Moore sat by the window of her richly furnished drawing-room, half hidden by the folds of beautiful lace and damask that draped it. Everything about her showed, indisputably, not only that the owner and occupant possessed the quality of taste in the highest degree, but also that she had the wealth and ability to gratify it to the utmost.

While the wide and lofty rooms displayed here and there at proper distances, statues, paintings, and furniture made from classic models, it had not degenerated into one of those modern toy shops, which so many parlors represent. In a remote corner, however, there was a little cabinet, in which a few choice trifles had found place, but it was not open, and the effect on entering the room was not marred by their display.

Isabel was an heiress; and of course, she was a beauty in the eyes of the world. She was more than that; she was intellectual, spirited, and with a dash of sentiment about her, that she unwittingly encouraged, when she should have done her utmost to keep it in check. With all her advantages of wealth, station and character, she was apt to fall into a state of ennui, from which it was difficult to rouse her.

No tie of near and dear family affection had ever belonged to Isabel. Her father and mother dying when she was too young to know their loss, she had been transferred to a boarding-school, from whence she emerged at eighteen, and took up her residence with the family in whose care the house had been left at her father's death, reserving to herself only those rooms she needed to occupy. These she had furnished after her own taste, and gave up the others to Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop, thus securing to herself the greatest freedom in regard to her own time and occupations, and, at the same time, claiming the protection of their home also.

Mr. Winthrop was a clergyman, and had been a friend of Mr. Moore's. The house had been tendered to his free acceptance, by his friend's will, on condition of receiving Isabel, when she should have finished her education, and remaining with her until she should marry.

"Here, therefore, she came; and here she had remained for five years, with every appliance for making life happy, and yet suffering from a restlessness and dissatisfaction, that could only proceed from a life where she had so little, individually, to achieve, and where all incentives to exertion had been taken away. In short, Isabel was suffering for want of a little wholesome discipline. Nothing would have so uplifted and sustained her, as a genuine sorrow; and yet it was difficult to say where it could come from. She had now lived twenty-three years, without the inevitable bosom-friend which school girls are so rarely without.

The truth was, there was a certain incommunicable quality in Isabel's mind, and a self-contained principle about her, which, without making her absolutely selfish, was yet so apparent, that those who failed to enter the sanctuary of her heart, were very apt to baptize it by that name. There is nothing, perhaps, that people are so unwilling to forgive, as that very self-containing principle. In Isabel, it arose partly out of her nature, partly from circumstance. She could not seek to bestow her confidence, and her position kept many from approaching her, who would have been drawn towards her more had she been more dependent.

But now Isabel was, as we have said, suffering from a lack of discipline. Her ocean had no roughness, her waves were scarcely ripples; and there seemed to be the danger only, of a flat, dead calm. She had read of noble and benevolent people who were always projecting some great good to society; and in books, she admired them; but in real life, such characters had always been repulsive to her, from other elements that had mixed with their goodness, and were distasteful to her love of the æsthetic.

She would not believe in the necessity or propriety of her going out into the world to perform a duty to her fellow-creatures; and yet her purse was always ready, in any pecuniary draft which others might make upon it for charity. Nor was it from ostentation either, that she did this. She was benevolent in her way, but it was a very passive quality. There was no effort in giving money, and there was no self-sacrifice either, for her own life and enjoyment were not touched by the operation.

It was a beautiful morning in May, when Isabel, restless from having nothing to do, sat by the window and looked out upon the busy throngs that passed by. Not a few cast glances of interest upon the stately house that held the pretty heiress, but no one came in, and hour after hour she sat in listless weariness, longing for some change, something that would throw a little sparkle over the vapid sort of life which she owned to herself that she was leading. She looked round her beautiful rooms, and felt that they were growing distasteful to her. Taste could not suggest an alteration or improvement. They were perfect, from the placing of a statue, the hanging of a picture, to the disposition of the graceful furniture and draperies. The eye was satisfied, but the heart craved something more. Almost she was tempted to go up stairs to Mr. Winthrop's study, and question him of her future life, and how she might be able to throw off this weariness, and come out into better and more harmonious being; but she remembered his endless discussions with others who had sought his counsel, and how little they had interested her understanding or affected her heart, when she had occasionally heard them, and she dreaded to make herself an object of his prosy generalities, as much as she would have avoided any personal dictation from him. She had only got along with these people, by taking and giving the most perfect freedom. Herself, impatient of control, as she had often manifested at school, she was not, like many of that stamp, ready to dictate to others; but gave to all that which she dared to preserve to herself. The result of her thoughts was, not to seek him, but to try to work out her own problem.

She did not have to work at it; for Fate, who always has some reserved ammunition for everybody who has been shooting in the dark, brought her a letter by the post, that suddenly turned the whole current of her thoughts, and waked her up to an enthusiasm, which would have perfectly astonished those who were accustomed only to the smooth and severe side of Isabel Moore's character. There was fire beneath the surface, but it required a strong current to make it rise to a flame. The letter ran as follows:

"I am sure that I need only appeal to the candor and good sense of Miss Moore, when I ask her attention to some facts which I wish to state to her. Perhaps you will question the right of a stranger to address you thus; but believe me, I have adopted this method out of strong respect for yourself, and a feeling that you would, in the end, be thankful that I did so. I will state, *en passant*, that I am in the profession of the law, and have examined all the facts which I shall now present to you.

"You are, of course, aware that your father married your mother in a foreign land, whither he went on a secret expedition for the American government. You are not, perhaps aware—indeed I am sure that you are not—that he had a wife living at that time, and that there is a daughter now living, who can claim the whole of the large property which has been, nominally, yours so long.

"I see you are roused by this; you tremble, turn pale, and would throw this true statement indignantly into the fire. But do not! Wait and see how best you can escape this misfortune. *Claiming* is not *possessing*, and it will be difficult to substantiate a claim on the part of this young lady (who is but a few years older than yourself), unless she has stronger proofs than I have yet seen. If you please, I will communicate with you, privately, on this subject, whenever you desire. Forgive me for causing you pain, and believe me yours with respect.

WALTER HAYDEN."

The address was appended to this, showing how she might communicate with him by letter. Isabel's first thought was almost of gladness. Her innocent mind hardly took in the consciousness of her father's guilt in any way; and the prospect of a sister was somehow, to her lonely situation, rather a pleasant one. Her idea was that of a *relation*, coming to live with her, sharing with her the wealth and comforts from which she had perhaps been unjustly shut out for so many years.

She turned it over in her mind, and her idea soon gave place to another, not quite so pleasant. She looked over the letter again, and the words, "the whole of the property which has been yours nominally, so long," looked larger and stronger every time she glanced at them. She began to tremble, but as she read down the page, she assumed more firmness, as the lawyer's implied doubts met her eye.

Should she seek Mr. Winthrop? No—he was weak and feeble, physically and mentally. She would act, for once, for herself, at least until she should understand more of the case; and her father's character was at least too precious to be entrusted to indifferent hands now.

She wrote a hasty note, and appointed an hour in which to meet the lawyer; a time when she knew that Mr. Winthrop would be in his study and his wife asleep on her sofa. He came punctually, and was shown to her drawing-room, and orders were given to admit no one else.

Walter Hayden entered the room with a start of surprise and almost embarrassment. He had not counted upon anything so imposing as the appearance of the apartments, or the graceful dignity of the occupant. Disdaining the accessories of ornament, Isabel appeared before him in a plain white dress, with her fine hair folded simply in one rich braid around her head. The simplicity of the style was well suited to her face and figure, and no exuberance of ornament or finish could have given such effect to her beauty. She received him with calm and easy politeness, and went immediately into the subject. Her visitor noted every word she uttered, and seemed greatly impressed with the perfect absence of all haste or indignation in her manner.

On her part, she was pleased and interested. He had been so kind and gentlemanly in his statements, and had explained so patiently the various matters which it concerned her to know, that, after their long and exciting interview, Isabel could hardly regret the cause that brought her into contact with such a mind.

Walter Hayden went away with no very distinct idea of his own feelings; but he knew that Isabel Moore, stripped of all the splendor that surrounded her, would be a greater object of interest to him, a poor and almost unknown lawyer, than the English woman who had come over to take possession, or at least to claim all that Isabel now enjoyed. He had seen her; and the impression on his mind was that of unmitigated aversion towards her.

It was, therefore, with pain, that the young lawyer turned his steps towards the hotel where the person calling herself Annabella Moore was awaiting him, with her mother. Coming from the refined atmosphere of Isabel's presence, he shrank from seeing the coarse and loud spoken woman who was, he now believed, usurping or trying to usurp her privileges; and his heart swelled with anger at himself, that he had undertaken her cause at all.

He questioned the mother, and her statement seemed true, although there were one or two points on which she resisted pressing, evidently trying to get away from them as speedily as possible. He then stated to them his conviction that he should not be able to manage the case on their side, and begged to be set aside; resolving inwardly that his influence should operate on the other side, if he were allowed the opportunity.

Something in his manner decided them to give him up, and he then felt a freedom to advise and assist Isabel, which he did not previously feel. He lost no time in preparing for another interview, and offering his services in all things except by appearing as her counsel.

Day after day he saw Isabel, and having chosen for her the very best counsel, and laid matters in train, they only waited for the case to come on, which, as the English women complained of detention and expense, was done immediately.

The main evidence of the woman rested on the production of her marriage certificate, which certainly seemed genuine enough, and was sworn to by a person who said he was present at the ceremony. Indeed, on this certificate turned the whole point of the case, and on both sides it was justly considered of immense importance.

During the day of trial, Hayden had sent repeated notes to Isabel, to inform her how things were progressing. She would not be present, although he solicited her to appear. His last note merely said, "a little light." He had requested Isabel's counsel to allow him to take the marriage certificate into his hands for a brief examination. He looked at it carefully, whispered to the counsel, and sat down.

Joseph Myrick, "curate of St. Gregory's Church, Leedsfield," was sworn. He deposed that on the night of the twenty-first of April, 1821, he joined in marriage, Elias Moore and Annabella Stanfield; that he had christened a child for them in the course of the following year; that this young woman was the child; that the father of the child came to America, and was well known as the husband of Annabella Stanfield, whom he had deserted, being traced hither by her brother, who was now unfortunately dead; and that she had hitherto no means of getting to America, or making her claim until recently.

The counsel for Isabel rose. "May it please your honors, there is only one evidence which can be brought against this. It is short, simple, and to the point. The marriage of Elias Moore and Annabella Stanfield, as sworn to by the reverend gentleman, was in April, 1821. Unfortunately for his cause, or that rather of his fair friends, I have to state that the paper on which this certificate was written, is of American manufacture, and bears distinctly the date of 1840, traced in water lines upon its surface." A murmur of mingled delight and indignation arose in the court. The "reverend gentleman" tried to escape, but was secured, and his fair friends with him, to answer to the crime of forgery.

Walter Hayden's face was perfectly radiant. It was he who had discovered the mark on the paper, and suggested it to the counsel, and it was he, also, who was to bear the tidings to Isabel.

She was awaiting him, and his beaming face told the story before his lips could utter a word. Isabel was speechless with emotion, but drawing from her bosom a paper, she handed it to Mr. Hayden. His face was scarlet in a moment. He had missed it soon after their morning interview. It contained words of love to Isabel, which, had the case ended in her poverty, he intended to place in her hands, when he returned to tell her. Should it result in her favor, he was not to offer them to her consideration. Walter was too proud to win a rich bride—but were Isabel poor, impoverished by this trial—he would ask her to share his lot, and trust to brighter times.

"I wrote this to be given in case of your failure to gain your cause, Isabel," said he; "let me call you so this once. I do not dare to press my cause now."

Isabel's heart was beating so loud that she could hear every pulsation. She wondered if the new emotion was genuine or not. She had never known it, before, and was doubtful whether it would pass current in the present inflated state of society. She only knew that she would be willing to share her fortune with and devote her whole life to Walter Hayden; that henceforth, his name would be the watch-word to her soul, rousing up all good and generous emotions within her. When she attained voice to speak, she told him this, and, also, that her only grief was, that she could bring him nothing but her worthless fortune, instead of a life full, as it should have been, of good deeds.

Of the English women and their accomplices, they lost all trace. It was supposed that they had friends who assisted their escape from the country, for the three had all fled from the jail in one night, during an alarm of fire.

Mr. Winthrop rallied sufficiently to unite Walter and Isabel, but he was fast sinking into unconsciousness, and his wife, unwilling to burden Isabel longer, had him removed to a pleasant country home, where he was often visited by the newly married pair, over whose home a beautiful halo rests, and around its hearth two beautiful human blossoms nestle at their feet, bearing anew the names of Walter and Isabel.

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[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TO MY LITTLE NAMESAKE.

Dedicated to the Hon. N. T. Rossiter.

BY BLANCHE D'ARTOIS.

Stranger fairy!
Artless pet!
Little namesake mine!
Deign to list me:
How I'll kiss thee,
Wert thou truly mine!
Clasp thee fondly to my breast—
Guardian of thy guileless rest—
Owning meanwhile I am blest—
Little namesake mine!

Home enchains thee,
Friendship claims thee—
Come! this heart's thy shrine!
"Daughter Mary's"
Loved more dearly—
Namesake, thou art mine.
"Blanche!" I bid thee welcome home!
Peerless fairy—taste and coine—
Hearts and homes have too much room,
Little namesake mine.

Sing I—praying—
Song-conveying—
All my soul to thine:
While I've breathing,
Fate is wreathing
Crowns, thy brow to twine.
Sorrow's toils ne'er tangle round thee,
Doubt nor darkness e'er confound thee,
Misery's black waves ne'er surround thee,
Little namesake mine!

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE OBSTINATE HORSE:

—OR,—

WHO'LL MAKE HIM GO?

BY W. O. EATON.

CRUELTY to animals has well been made the subject of penal legislation, and if horses but knew this, they would grin with gratitude. And when they are ill-treated—as, for instance, when their loads are greater than they should be, or when they are whipped or beaten unjustly by the hand of passionate ignorance—they would neigh aloud to the lookers-on, "*Why don't you take his number down and take him up?*" Coaxing often goes a great way with a horse—but I am getting ahead of my story.

Not long ago an omnibus stopped, against the will of the driver, at the head of Milk Street—cause, an unruly horse. A result was the immediate commencement of one of those Washington Street blockades, or caravans, usual on similar occasions. We will not stop to inquire why the horse refused to propel—whether it was an ailment, indignation at being over-worked, objection to the character of any or all of the passengers in the vehicle, sheer fatigue, or a vain wish to attract attention; but will merely suggest in this place that some folks account for the obstinacy of horses by supposing that they either stop to think, or see "sperrits" ahead, and are afraid.

The obstinate horse who is the hero of this story did stop, at any rate, from some cause or other, and occasioned a blockade in the street on one side, and a dense and excited and rapidly increasing crowd on both sides of the way. The driver, an exceedingly "hossy" looking chap, after two or three cuts of the whip, remained in his seat inactive, and with great composure lit a cigar and commenced smoking.

"Go on—why don't you?" asked an impatient gentleman through the ticket-hole. "You've stopped forty-four times in this rascally crooked street already!"

"Horse will go when he gets ready," was the answer.

"Baulky?" said the gentleman, noticing the crowd.

"Rayther!" was the dry response of the driver.

This answer induced all to get out of the omnibus, except a large fat woman with a determined expression and a basket of eggs. As the others went out, they heard her mutter something about she wouldn't get out for no horse, "eggs or no eggs."

"Why don't he go on?" said somebody on the sidewalk.

"Better ask the horse!" said a facetious spectator.

"Touch him up!" cried several.

Impatient gestures and not a few highly indelicate expressions were made by drivers of vehicles in the rear, and "Knock him in the head and take the team down Milk Street!" was proposed by one ferocious personage, who had a note to attend to which he feared would be protested.

But most of the throng, as is usual on such occasions, were more sympathetic, and indulged in a display of their horse-knowledge which was more unique than edifying. The sight of obstinacy stirs up the wrath of many, and those present of that class suggested the most violent means to make the horse do his duty; while others proposed coaxing, or a strategic method.

"Lead him and then he'll go," cried a boy, who conceived that nobody else there assembled ever heard of such an ingenious proceeding.

Some who would have tried this plan, and were just stepping into the street to execute it, disdained to accept of any advice from a boy, and drew back disappointed, for they had flattered themselves upon having a good chance to make a display before a large assembly, with little risk. But the chance was improved by a peaked-looking man, with a silly face, but with no avail.

"*Baa! baa! baa!* Go away, sheep-head! Get out, calf!" were the jeering cries which soon made him hide himself in the peaceful obscurity of the crowd; and even the horse seemed to sneer at him, for he snorted terribly.

The crowd was all the while growing more noisy and excited, while the resolute fat woman, with the basket of precarious eggs, condescended to watch the proceedings through a front window. The driver's coolness seemed to provoke some of the crowd, for they reproached him with indifference to the public interests.

"Don't you see that ere string of teams ahind on yer?" exclaimed they.

"Not very well," said the driver, looking straight ahead.

"What's the matter of that horse?" inquired a simple-hearted by-stander, who had just come.

"Troubled with the *no goes*," said a quiz, seriously.

"Where?" said the other, willing to be instructed.

"In the legs," was the reply.

Here the driver, to save appearances, condescended to give the beast a lash upon his hind furniture, which caused him to show vivacity in the back-stay, for he executed a series of kick-ups with much enterprise.

"He still lives!" said a political spectator, withdrawing a little, to wipe a discharge of mud from his face.

"Beat him—bang him—*make* him go!" said some. And at this moment an indignant shop-keeper, who felt that the crowd injured his sales, advanced with a window-shutter and spanked the refractory animal a few times, when a brisk young Frenchman stepped forward and interposed with, "*Mon Dieu! mon ami! vous sont un fou!*" and he went to the horse's head to try the coaxing way—the most approved in France.

Patting the foaming beast upon the neck, he endeavored to whisper in his ear; but he was too short, or the horse was too tall, for he could barely reach as high as the animal's ear, and the horse would not allow his head to come down as low as the Frenchman's mouth—perhaps because he did not understand French. But the countryman of Napoleon was not to be easily dishcartened, and keeping a tight hold of the reins, when the angry animal reared again, he was carried up with him and managed to get his mouth to the beast's ear before he came down.

The crowd applauded the Frenchman's tenacity, though they did not all understand what he would be at.

"What's he trying to do?" said many.

"He's kissing his brother!" answered a wag.

"Promising him a feed of oats!" said another.

"No—he is telling him if he don't be still and behave, he will take him up!" said still another.

"Take him *up*?" laughed another; he'd better keep him *down* first."

"Why don't the driver use the whip? Driver, pay on, pay on, with your whip!"

This and many other volunteered advices were declined by the phlegmatic driver, with a knowing wink of the eye.

Twice the disinterested Frenchman got his mouth to the horse's ear, but the plunges knocked his hat off, and as he let go to get it, the horse suddenly made a start forward for a rod or two, and amid the derisive shouts of the thankless crowd, the fugitive chapeau was picked up by its owner, all in one grand smash, having been run over by the wheels. With a torrent of *sacres*, and a volley of other rather unamiable French, the discomfited Gaul withdrew in the direction of Noah Creely's hat-store.

Innumerable were the suggestions now offered by the magnanimous spectators, not one of whom attempted to put in force his own proposition, though seriously believing in its probable efficacy.

"Rub his nose kindly; that's the way I have always seen it done!" said a positive man, with a very superintending sort of look.

"Rub his granny!" said a scornful fellow, with a turned-up nose. "Stroke his mane wrong ways—that's the only way."

"My father's horse," advanced another, with a persuasive smile and criticising squint of his eyes, "never would go unless you tickled him over his tail. That will set any horse flying! Will any gentleman please to lend me a rattan? Must be done with a rattan!"

As nobody had a rattan, the experiment was not tried.

"Tickle his ribs with a stick!"

"Squeal in his ear!"

"Twist his ear!"

"Blow in it!"

"Twist his tail!"

"Throw some water on him!"

"What a curious driver! *He* don't seem to mind it at all!"

The nonchalance of the driver so contrasted with the rearing, kicking, snorting, sidling and foaming of his excited horse, as these experiments and others were severally tried, that he began to be an object of admiration. Some inquired what kind of a horse he was, commonly.

"O, he's a pooty bobbin' sort of a horse, sir," was his reply, very complacently.

"I should think he was all of that. What do you do when he acts in this way?"

"Don't do nothing, generally. Let him feel his oats, if he wants to," said the coachee, lighting a fresh cigar.

"But aint there any remedy? You see how the street's blocked up!"

"Sometimes, when he gets steam up, they put a chaw of tobacco between his teeth."

"Chaw of tobacco! Chaw of tobacco! Who's got a chaw of tobacco, to put in his teeth?" exclaimed the shop-keeper aforesaid, who having failed with the shutter at one end of the animal, was now going to try tobacco at the other.

A huge piece was handed him, and after munching it a little to make it soft and taste good, he went up to the chafing cheval, whose bulging eyes and shaking head announced that the fire was not all out of him yet. Determined to make the dose effectual, the shop-keeper, seizing a favorable moment when the horse's mouth was partly open, thrust his hand away in with a fierceness which nearly cost him the loss of it—for the teeth came down upon his fingers, not, however, with full force, but sufficiently hard to make him swear his repentance as he ran with his maimed digits to the neighboring doctor's shop.

"Rather got *hit*, that time, didn't he?" laughed the driver. "Perhaps that anxious man didn't know how fond the horse is of tobacco. Took *two hands* that time!"

"Sunthin' must be done, and that speedily!" said a puffy, paunchy little man, with a pink face and wholesale-dealerish air, as he surveyed the motley multitude, whose jostling and density made the prospect of half-a-dozen little fights altogether probable. "It's a pity that one horse should thus disturb the peace and quiet. It injures the interests of the city. I'll give five dollars to anybody who'll make that horse go."

People pricked up their ears, and a few more tried in vain.

"Don't want your money, neighbor Puncheon," said a larger and fatter man at his elbow, "you know I've a plenty myself, for that matter; but here's a man who says that if you walk before a horse in this condition, he will follow your lead. I'll try."

"I'll try it myself!" said the little puffy, paunchy man, with the wholesale air. "It's a sacrifice, but I'll do it for the public good!" and with patriotic condescension he stepped into the street before the horse, with solemn importance, and pulling his hat on firmly, and telling a policeman who had just arrived authoritatively to stand out of the way and not interfere, he faced the horse, as if to let him know who he was, and then turned to the right-about face, and walked slowly on before.

"What's to pay now?" was the question; "who's that?"

"Puncheon, the wholesale dealer, trying an experiment!"

"He'd better not come too near the horses, or he'll be swallowed, boots and all."

Twelve pompous strides and the little man looked back. The horse took no notice.

"You're so small, perhaps he didn't see you," suggested some; "try it again!"

He did try it, again and again and again, and perhaps would have tried it till the present time, in his fervor for the public good, only that, at the fourth trial, the horse made it very evident that he did see him, for as he approached, he reared, and descending, brought his hoofs in such dangerous proximity with the puffy man's head, as to smash his beaver off, leaving him barely time to gather himself forward and save his body corporal. Dismayed and hatless, he retired to the sidewalk.

"Bob," now said the policeman to the driver, "will you, or shall I try?"

"Come up and take the reins," was the reply.

The policeman did so, and Bob got down and spoke in a low tone to the delinquent animal, patting his flank and neck and manipulating his nose. Not a minute elapsed before the hitherto violent quadruped became as docile as a kitten, and Bob remounting with a grin, the policeman still on the box, cried:

"All right!" and bowing to the spectators, drew the reins and the horses went forward as if nothing had happened.

"Nothing like knowing how to manage a horse!" said everybody, dispersing, and the policeman observed the same to the driver, with the remark that he had made quite a sensation.

"Yes," said the driver, "and I didn't care if I did. I might have got him along at the first stop. I knew all the time they couldn't make him go, but there's some folks so ready to interfere, and so sure they know how to manage a horse better than anybody else, that I thought I'd let 'em try. Nobody can make Jerry move in his tantrums but me, you can bet a pile!"

And perhaps this little illustration of the knowledge of a horse, generally evinced on like occasions by a crowd, may as well be accompanied by a reminder that frequently those occasions exhibit an atrocious brutality by ignorant men, who seem to forget, when they pummel the obstinate or *bewildered* animal, that if he is in their hands, they are themselves in the hands of a retributive God, who will make them answer for their cruelty.

Proper knowledge of the nature of a horse and how to treat him, would greatly lessen such abominable scenes as occasionally make hideous our streets, where horses are seemingly rebellious to their tasks.

With one eye, therefore, to the honor of humanity, and the other to the well treatment of horses, I would suggest—would it not be well for the Board of Aldermen to read a treatise upon the treatment of horses once or twice a year, in the different stables, for the instruction of their drivers? If they will do that, I will agree to write a dissertation on whip-lashes, or some other appropriate subject, for nothing. A humane regulation of this kind would be a good thing for any board of aldermen who are ambitious to continue in office and wish to become a *stable* board.

VIEW OF TEMPERANCE.

"Intemperance," said Mrs. Partington, solemnly, with a rich emotion in her tone, like an after dinner speech, at the same time bringing her hand, containing the snuff she had just brought from the box, down upon her knee, while Lion with a violent sneeze, walked away to another part of the room; "Intemperance is a monster with a good many heads and creeps into the bosoms of families like any conda or an alligator, and destroys its peace and happiness forever. But, thank Heaven! a new Erie has dawned upon the world, and soon the hydrant headed monster will be overturned. Isn't it strange that men will put enemies into their mouths to steal away their heads?" "Don't you regard taking snuff a vice?" we asked, innocently. "If it is," she replied with the same old argument, "it is so small a one that Providence wont take no notice of it, and besides, my oil factories would miss it so!" Ah, kind old heart, the drunkard's argument! and he who casts stones at his frail brother must first see if there be not something at home to correct before he presumes upon his own infallibility. Just as the while was watching Lion, as he lay growling in his sleep, and wondering if he was dreaming about him.—*Evening Gazette.*

AN INTERESTING STORY.

"Shon, mine shon," said a worthy German father to his heir of ten years, whom he had overheard using profane language; "Shon, mine schon, come here, and I vill tell you von little stories. Now, mine shon, shall it pe a *true* story, or a makes pelieve?"

"O, a true story, of course," answered John.

"Forry vell den. Dere vas once a goot, nice oldt shentleman (shoost like me), and he had von dirty liddle poy (shoost like you). Andt von day he heard him schwearing like a young fillian, as he vas. So he vent to der winkle (corner) and took out a cowhides (shoost as I am toing now), and he took der dirty liddle plackguard py de collar (dis way, you see), and volloped him shoost so! And den, mine tear shon, he hull his ears dis way, and smack his face dat way, and dell him to go mitout his supper, shoost as you vill do dis efening."—*Germantown Eagle.*

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

RANDOM REMINISCENCES

FROM OUR DRAWER.

BY TIM OTLEY.

THERE is a statement contained in a book of travels—the name of which has escaped us—to the effect that divination by the Bible and key is still practised by many superstitions persons. It is done in this way: When an article has been stolen, a Bible is procured, and opened at the first chapter of Ruth; the stock of a street door-key is then laid on the sixteenth verse of the said chapter, the handle protruding from the edge of the Bible, and the key secured in this posture by a string bound tightly round the book. The person who works the charm then places his two middle fingers under the handle of the key; this keeps the Bible suspended. He then repeats in succession the names of the parties suspected of theft, repeating at each name a portion of the verse on which the key is placed, commencing "whither thou goest, I will go," etc. When the name of the guilty party is pronounced, the key turns off the fingers, the Bible falls to the ground, and the guilt of the party is determined. Sometimes the key is laid over the fifth verse of the nineteenth chapter of Proverbs.

When the Virginia delegation to the first Congress were on their way to New York, on arriving at Philadelphia, they were invited by Dr. Shippen to dinner at his dwelling. Of the party present were Madison, Page, Lee and one or two others of the delegation. Chief Justice McKean, of Pennsylvania, was also there. In conversation, Justice McKean, addressing Mr. Madison, said: "Have you thought, sir, of a title for our new President?" Madison answered in the negative; and added, that in his judgment no title, except that of President, would be necessary or proper. "Yes, sir," replied McKean, "he must have a title; and I have been examining the titles of certain princes in Europe, to discover one that has not been appropriated. Most Serene Highness, I find is appropriated; but Serene Highness, without the most, is not, and I think it will be proper that our President should be known by the style and title of His Serene Highness, the President of the United States." This elicited an amicable controversy, which continued for some time, Madison and his colleagues opposing, and McKean maintaining the propriety of conferring the title he had proposed on President Washington.

At the time Lord Say, Gibbon's ancestor, was beheaded in 1450 by the Kentish insurgents, Jack Cade said to him: "Thou has most traitorously corrupted the youth of this realm, in erecting a *grammar-school*, and whereas, before, our forefathers had no other books other than the score and tally, thou has caused printing to be used; and contrary to the king, his crown and dignity, thou has built a paper-mill. It will be proved to thy face, that thou has men about thee who usually talk of a *noun* and a *verb*, and such abominable works as no Christian can endure to hear."

At a session of the Pennsylvania Legislature, the following announcement of the arrival of a member was made by his colleague, in a private note, sent to the Speaker: "Mr. Sheaker—My kolleeks come and I dink he ought to be schwore."

DIPPING CHARLES LAMB.

"Coleridge," says De Quincey, "told me a ludicrous embarrassment which Lamb's stammering caused him at Hastings. Lamb had been medically advised to a course of sea bathing, and accordingly, at the door of his bathing machine, whilst he stood shivering with cold, two stout fellows laid hold of him, one at each shoulder, like heraldic supporters; they waited for the word of command from their principal, who began the following oration to them:

"Hear me, men! Take notice of this; I am to be dipped—"

What more he would have said is unknown to land or sea-bathing machines; for having reached the word *dipped*, he commenced such a rolling fire, di-di-di-di, at length when he descended *a plomb* upon the fell word *dipped*, the two men, rather tired of the suspense, became satisfied that they had reached what lawyers call the "operative" clause of the sentence, and both exclaiming at once, "O yes, sir, we're quite aware of that," down they plunged him into the sea.

On emerging, Lamb sobbed so much from the cold that he found no voice suitable to his indignation; from necessity he seemed tranquil, and again addressing the men, who stood respectfully listening, he began thus: "Men, is it possible to obtain your attention?"

"O, surely, sir, by all means."

"Then listen once more I tell you I am to be di-di di"—and then with a burst of indignation—"dipped, I tell you—"

"O, decidedly, sir." And down the stammerer went for the second time.

Petrified with cold and wrath, once more Lamb made a feeble attempt at an explanation.

"Great mu-pa-patience; is it mum-um-murder you me-me-mean? Again and aga-ga-gain I tell you I'm to be di-di dipped—" (now speaking seriously, with the voice of an injured man.)

"O yes, sir," the men replied, "we know that—we fully understand it;" and for the third time down went Lamb into the sea.

Once more he arose; he said, on coming up for the third time; "it's now too late. I tell you that I am—not that I *was*—to be di-di-dipped only *once*."—*Home Journal.*

HABIT OF COMPLAINING.

"How are you, Trepid? How do you feel to-day, Mr. Trepid?"

"A great deal worse than I was, thank'ee; most dead, I'm obliged to you; I'm always worse than I was, and I don't think I was ever any better. I'm very sure, anyhow, I'm not going to be any better; and for the future you may always know I am worse, without asking any questions; for the question makes me worse, if nothing else does."

"Why, Trepid, what's the matter with you?"

"Nothing, I tell you, in particular, but a great deal in the matter with me in general; and that's the danger, because we don't know what it is. That's what kills people, when they can't tell what it is; that's what's killing me. My grandfather died of it, and so will I. The doctors don't know; they can't tell; they say I'm well enough when I'm bad enough, and so there's no help. I'm going off some of these days right after my grandfather, dying of nothing in particular, but of everything in general. That's what finishes our folks."—*Charcoal Sketches.*

Jester's Picnic.

It was a habit of Lord Eldon, when attorney general, to close his speeches with some remarks justifying his own character. At the trial of Horne Tooke, speaking of his own reputation, he said: "It is the little inheritance I have to leave to my children, and by God's help, I will leave it unimpaired." Here he shed tears and, to the astonishment of those present, Mitford, the solicitor general, began to weep. "Just look at Mitford," said a by-stander to Horne Tooke, "what on earth is he crying for?" Tooke replied, "He is crying to think what a little inheritance Eldon's children are likely to get."

"My dear Jerusha Ann, may I see you home from singing school to-night, or will I keep the dogs from biting you?"

"No, Jonathan!" pettishly answered the down-caster, "I don't want you—I'd sooner the dogs would bite me."

"Perhaps you didn't hear what I said?" asked Jonathan, stepping up to her.

"Yes I did. You asked me if you could see me home."

"No, I didn't," bawled Jonathan, "I asked you how your mother was!"

A "Cutting" Remark.—General Lee, of the Revolution, one day found Dr. Cutting, the army surgeon, who was a handsome and dressy man, arranging his cravat complacently before a glass.

"Cutting," said Lee, "you must be the happiest man in creation."

"Why, general?"

"Why," replied Lee, "because you are in love with yourself, and have not a rival on the earth."

"Have you a rose?" asked Miss Budd of a highly grammatical gardener, early in the morning. He thought it a compliment because he was up so early, but he was determined to correct the grammar. "Have you arose?" said he. "Ahem! O yes, yes; feel pooty well waked up." The gardener stared, and, as she plucked a rose without leave, had his misgivings which had got up the earliest that morning.—*Post.*

Marshal Pelissier tells his soldiers that peace has been "signed at the cradle of an imperial infant." How long does this allow ere peace shall be weaned? Signed at a cradle, peace may have all sorts of nursery vicissitudes. Peace may have the measles, the hooping-cough, and the scarlet fever. Any way, in France for some time the peace will be very like the infant aforesaid, namely, a peace in arms.

An old bachelor friend of ours will insist that this is a contemptible world. He says that when he wore sheep's gray and worked out for ten dollars a month, he was nobody, and was never asked to parties by the "redtail aristocracy." But lo! what a change. It is rumored that a fortune has fallen to him, and now invitations pour in upon him, masses are after him, and the daughters think him an "awful good-looking man."

A city lyceum proposes the following quotation: "Is the female mind equal in mentality to the male?" That depends a good deal upon what "mentality" means. We know that females give larger "pieces of their mind" upon most occasions than the other sex, and that the supply is never exhausted. If our experience is worth anything, the lyceum is welcome to it.

"Once on a time," says history, "a Scotch pedestrian was attacked by three thieves. He defended himself well, but was overcome; when the thieves, much to their astonishment, found that he owned only the small sum of sixpence. 'The de'il's in the fellow,' said one, 'to fight thus for a sixpence! Why, if he'd a shilling he'd have killed us all.'"

A lady who made pretensions to the most refined feelings, went to her butcher to remonstrate with him on his cruel practices.

"How can you be so barbarous," said she, "as to put little innocent lambs to death!"

"Why, madam," said the butcher, "you surely would not eat them alive, would you?"

"It is cruel of you, ma'am, to give such tea to your boarders," grumbled a gruff dyspeptic to his landlady; who turned up his nose at the strong decoction of fragrant hyson. "I hope not," she coolly retorted, taking back the cup, "for I never intend to show cruel tea to *animals*." And she gave him some slops.

A story is told of a Highland chief, Sir Evan Cameron, that himself and a party of followers being benighted and compelled to sleep in the open air, when his son rolled up a ball of snow, and laid his head upon it for a pillow, the rough old man kicked it away, exclaiming, "What, sir, are you turning effeminate?"

Byron confesses to have had one friend, but that one was not of the human family. This friend was his dog Boatswain, to his remains he gave a monument

"To mark a friend's remains, these stones arise;
I never knew but one, and here he lies."

An elderly gentleman, travelling in a stage, was amused by a constant fire of words kept up between two ladies. One at last kindly inquired if the conversation didn't make his head ache? He replied, "no, madam—I have been married upwards of twenty-eight years!"

Ward had cut up Rogers's "Italy" in one of the quarterlies. Whereupon the poet retorted in the following couplet:

"Ward has no heart, they say; but I deny it;
He has a heart, and—*gets his spankes by it.*"

"Have you 'a heart that's tender and true, love?'" asked a belle of a bashful young gentleman who attends a well-known music store.

"I have, miss," he said, blushing as red as a carnation, "but *is it engaged?*"

"Sam, wat fish in de salt water weighs de least?" "Why, Julius, wat ignoramus questions ye as yer colored brethren. Minins weigh de least, of course." "No, no, sah—dat's wrong, now; it am de porpus, sah; de porpus weighs noting—tos wy, he got no *scales*."

Presentations are getting common. The captain of a canal boat out West has just been presented with a service of five years in the penitentiary, in consideration of the distinguished ability with which he plundered a passenger and kicked him overboard.

"Have you got the *catechism*, Jenny?" said a female visitor to a little yellow haired girl. "Mamma," exclaimed little Willie, did *I* ever have the *catechism*?" He thought it was a new complaint; but it is an old one, especially with children.

Some one was repeating to Sheridan the well-known maxim, "He who pays his debts enriches himself." "Nonsense!" said Sheridan, "that's a false report circulated by the note shavers to ruin their customers."

"I say, Sam Johnsing," said Pete Gumbo, "wat be dem relations with Gray Britium vife folks talk so much 'bout?" "Well, I doesn't 'zactly know, Pete," said Sam; "all my relations wot I knows on, is in ole Virginny."

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VOL. XI.

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CHAPTER XIX.

THE TRAITOR'S FATE.

THE day broke over Sebastopol. army, suffering horrors such as no tell, and no pen adequately descr away in the trenches, or wearily he brave siege guns, toward the slowly times. Their sufferings, their hardsh pestilence and famine, war and cold thousands upon thousands, and had those who had been spared into wre former selves. Gloomy, starving, fr labored and went through the accu tine, hopeless, where nothing remair for, weary of life, and despairing did they care for death on the field, one endured in every successive d worse than death? Yet this same de made them machines, and rendered th less, in time of combat, transforme demons. Then, as though they view sians as the authors of their misery, upon their heads all the wrath a which their suffering roused within springing forward in the charge, w petuosity and frantic onset of ma drove the Russians back from the tr they dared to venture, and heaped with the dying and the dead.

A sortie was to be made this da British lines. It was hoped that the diers, half famished, half frozen, migh vigorous attack of a large party. sand picked men were appointed to Prominent among them, was Capt Arbanon, who now bestrode his char flushed, his eyes blazing with martial "Forward—advance!"

The host of men marched out quickly. At once a furious cannon Hundreds of guns poured forth their v the British lines. Troops of sharpsh ed the advancing host, and poured upon the British camp. Mortars sen bombs hissing through the air, along ed path, to carry fearful destructio ranks where they fell, and spread hav around. Rockets went shooting in the different towers. The Redan b one mass of flame, and the round tow forth an eruption of horrible power. and mortar were called into requisit side of the tower, to give effect to this tle, and help to break the British whole country shook with the incess and explosions!

Furiously the Russians pressed forw the British. At their trenches, ster fierce beyond all that words can ex the British soldiers. What cared Russian sortie? And now, as the th vanced in all their fury, as their penn high in the air, and the cannon from fortifications, and the guns from their heralded their approach; the British awed, careless of danger, seeking e their quenchless rage upon the head who dared to attack them.

The Russians sprang forward. Th They struck, and the shock was ter British who had reserved their fire, their bayonets crossed those of the poured in upon them a blighting an fire. Down fell the slain in heaps. T were supplied by others, who pressed t cross steel with the English. For an was a sharp clashing and ringing of s bayonets were plunged into either r English rushed forward in irresis Before these serried bayonets, all b broken line, who could stand. Dow Russians; backward they retreated, gered, they reeled; they vainly ra rally. Driven by the fierce soldiers of at the point of the bayonet, they were to fall back, and retreat for a time.

Alexis, who had been seen everyw the thickest of the fight, whose voice itself heard amid all the din and cont